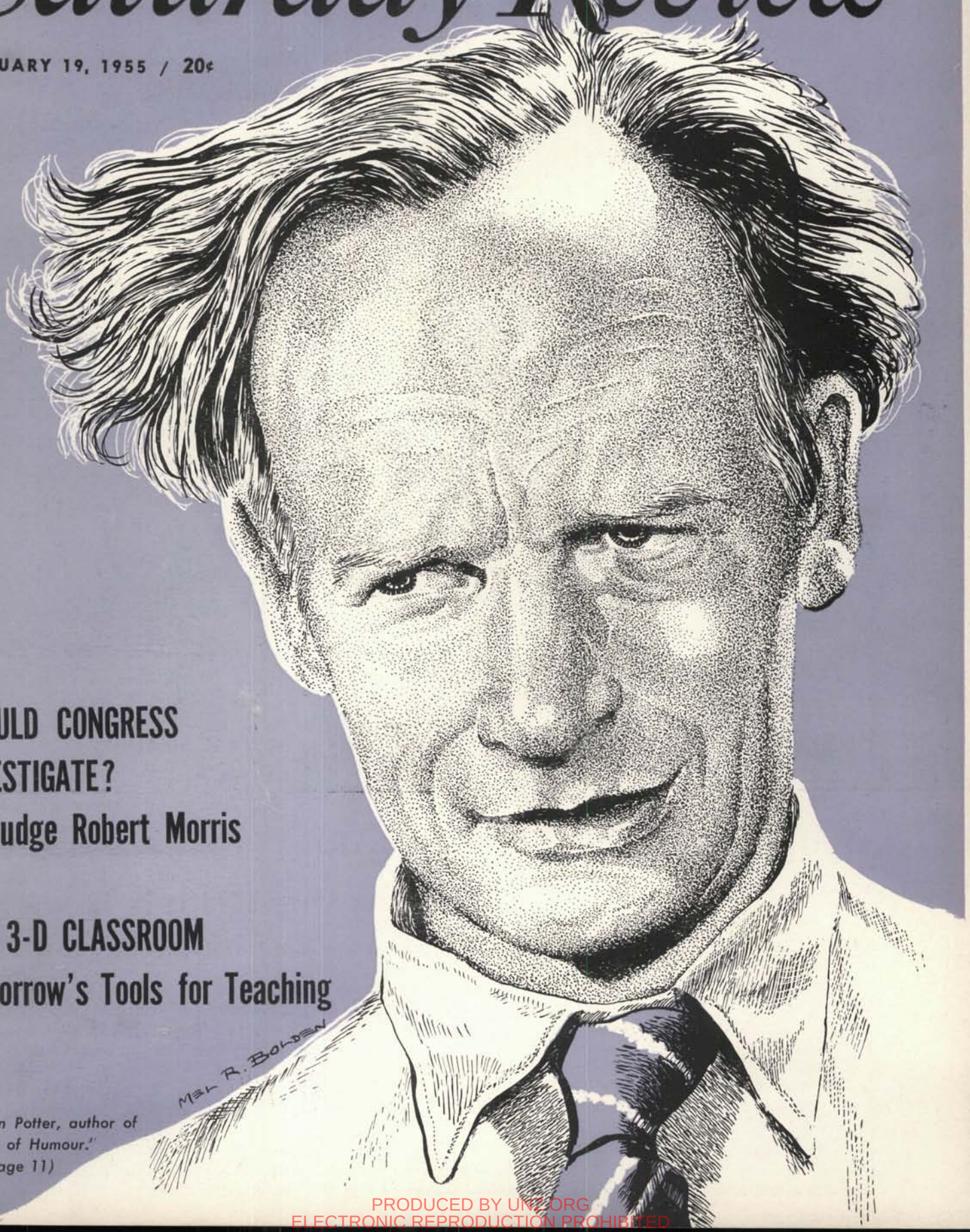
Saturday Review

RUARY 19, 1955 / 20¢



OULD CONGRESS
VESTIGATE?
Judge Robert Morris

E 3-D CLASSROOM
morrow's Tools for Teaching

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e page 11)

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SR's Library Poll

NE of the best-loved scribes of the tanbark, goalpost, chukker, in-bag, set, baton, and hoop was antland Rice, for many years the st famous of these newspaper presarios who conduct America ough the four seasons of vicarious letics. He is now departed, but his tament, "The Tumult and the outing" (#10 on the list), is one the most successful sports-books history.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

I'll Cry Tomorrow
by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
No Time for Sergeants
by Mac Hyman (F)**
Love Is Eternal
by Irving Stone (F)
My Several Worlds
by Pearl Buck (G)
The View from Pompey's Head
by Hamilton Basso (F)
My Brother's Keeper
By Marcia Davenport (F)
Not As a Stranger
by Morton Thompson (F)
Katherine
by Anya Seton (F)
The Power of Positive Thinking
by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
The Tumult and the Shouting
by Grantland Rice (G)
R.S.V.P.
by Elsa Maxwell (G)
The Woman Within
by Ellen Glasgow (G)
A Child of the Century
by Ben Hecht (G)
The Bad Seed
by William March (F)
TNT—The Power Within You
by Claude Bristol and Harold Sherman (G)
Treadmill to Oblivion
by Fred Allen (G)
Soldier of Fortune
by Ernest K. Gann (F)
Call to Greatness
by Adlai E. Stevenson (G)
Mary Anne
by Daphne du Maurier (F)
The Dollmaker
by Harriette Arnow (F)

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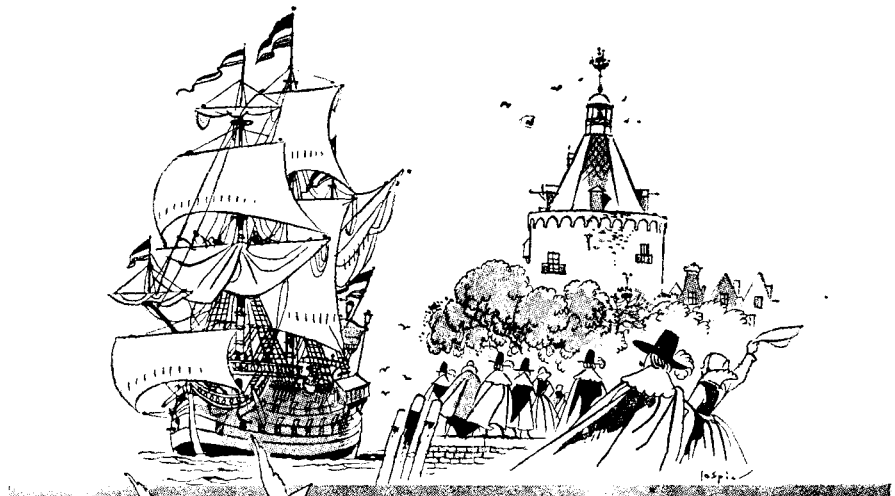
(G)—General
(F)—Fiction



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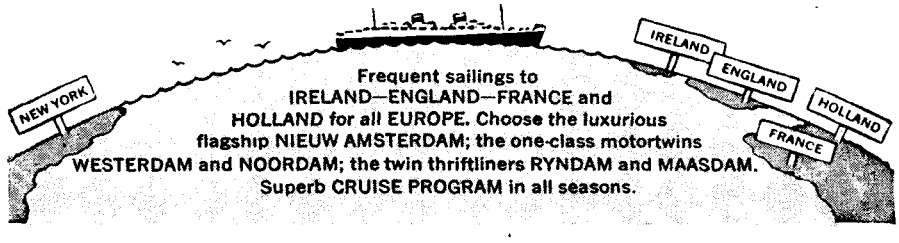

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The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 19, 1955

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TRADE Winds

E HIT PARADE," which presents to nation on television every Saturevening what are purported to be seven most popular tunes, as reded by juke-box operators, reders, and dance orchestras, gets hot water every now and again en some indignant publisher or aposer hollers that his composition s left out because of miscalculation design. By the same token, of urse, best-seller lists of books are netimes compiled more by hit-and- methods than actual statistics.

Iow often I have heard a bookseller plain blandly, "Sure we sold more such-and-such than anything we orted, but do you think we'd do thing to increase the popularity junk like that?" Or, "Well, Joe akes lives in this town and we ned his novel a best seller as a sort civic duty." Or—most often—"We t don't figure books in that category best-seller material. We want new es on the list—not the same old ff. Brings more people into the p."

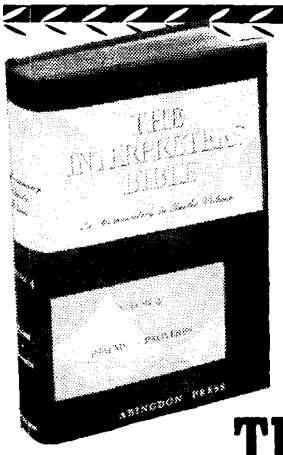
The first four or five fiction and nonion titles on a reputable list are ually the McCoy. Take the balance th a grain of salt. Most commende innovation in best-seller listings: *e New York Times*'s compilation of oks that never will crack the armed circle—but that would be se to the very top if sheer merit evailed. This list, headed "And Bear Mind," immediately following the ord of leaders, usually contains the es for which publishers deserve the l credit—and take the real losses.

te which publishers never make is exclusive circle—and you'll know tomatically the play-it-safe, "to ck with the eggheads" brigade who en't worthy of the profession into nich they've blundered.

WA TRAVEL NOTES. . . . Every time I sit Northeastern Iowa there seems be a snow and ice storm in my nor, but this year the efficient road commissioner had the roads cleared in jigtime (they call it "blading the slab"), and I had no trouble maintaining my schedule. . . . Great bunch of kids at Iowa State Teachers' College, but, judging by the breakfast they served me in the Commons, the food undergraduates are supposed to thrive

on hasn't improved one iota since we used to stage mass protests at Columbia thirty-eight years ago. And the farmers in Iowa are getting only a cent apiece for fresh eggs, too! . . . Anyhow, I had a good excuse for pulling up at a Marshalltown hostelry with the wonderful name of The Tallcorn for additional victuals. Can't stint a growing boy, you know! . . . Herbert Hake's weekly TV series on the highlights of Iowa history is topping Jackie Gleason and "I Love Lucy" in local ratings. Other state educational boards might institute similar programs to advantage. Hake can be reached at Teachers' College in Cedar Falls—when he isn't traipsing over to Ames or Des Moines—or gobbling Muscovy duck at Ye Woodcock Bar and Grille. . . . One of the country's great papers is the *Des Moines Register*, which covers the state of Iowa like a blanket. Its well-loved columnist, Harlan Miller (nobody gives a darn about nationally syndicated namedroppers in those parts), will have a book ready for the 1955 holiday season. Tentative title: "The Man Next Door."

EVERY YEAR ABOUT THIS time, as the day draws near for my reunion with Joseph Henry Jackson on the Coast, and a revival of our unique renditions of the melodies of Kern, Rodgers, Porter, and Berlin, Joe's Berkeley neighbors start preparations for their flight to the hills, but Joseph himself waxes understandably lyrical with joy. This year he's got some fine new volumes of light verse—always one of his favorite dishes—further to bolster his *esprit de corps*. This little poem, published simultaneously in *The San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Los Angeles*



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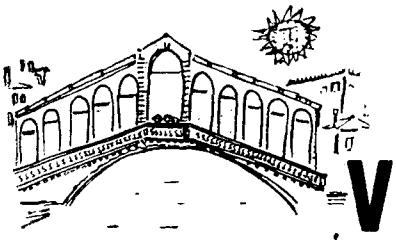

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Times, shows how high his goose hanging:

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verse!
A comic, a trickster, a
charmer.
In one autumn, for better o
worse,
McGinley, McCord, Richard Ar
mour!

You'd think that the publishin
trade
Would distribute its treasure
more thinly;
But, no. Here together
displayed.
Are Armour, McCord and Mc
Ginley.

Yet how fine to be faced witl
one's fill!
Buy 'em all! You can risk beinş
bored!
(For I very much doubt that yoı
will—
Not with Armour, McGinley, Mc
Cord.)

***THIS WEEK* MAGAZINE, WHICH** achie
its thirty-fifth outlet with the additi
of the *Wichita Eagle* in February,
noted for the high quality of its con
cartoons. They are, in fact, the seco

thing I always look for in every issı
Dutton has now rounded up the b
of them in a superior album call
"What's Funny About That?" E
amples: a sheik emerging from
Moroccan preview of "The Eterr
Triangle," exclaiming, "I don't get
Why didn't he just marry both
them?"; a minister slapping his kn
ecstatically over a new novel a
chortling, "Wow! Am I going to b

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No.1090)
(VACHEL) LINDSAY:
LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little
town,
A mourning figure walks . . .
He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of
Europe free . . .
Who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill
again?

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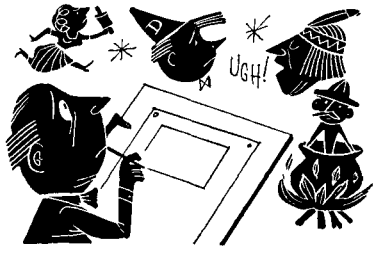
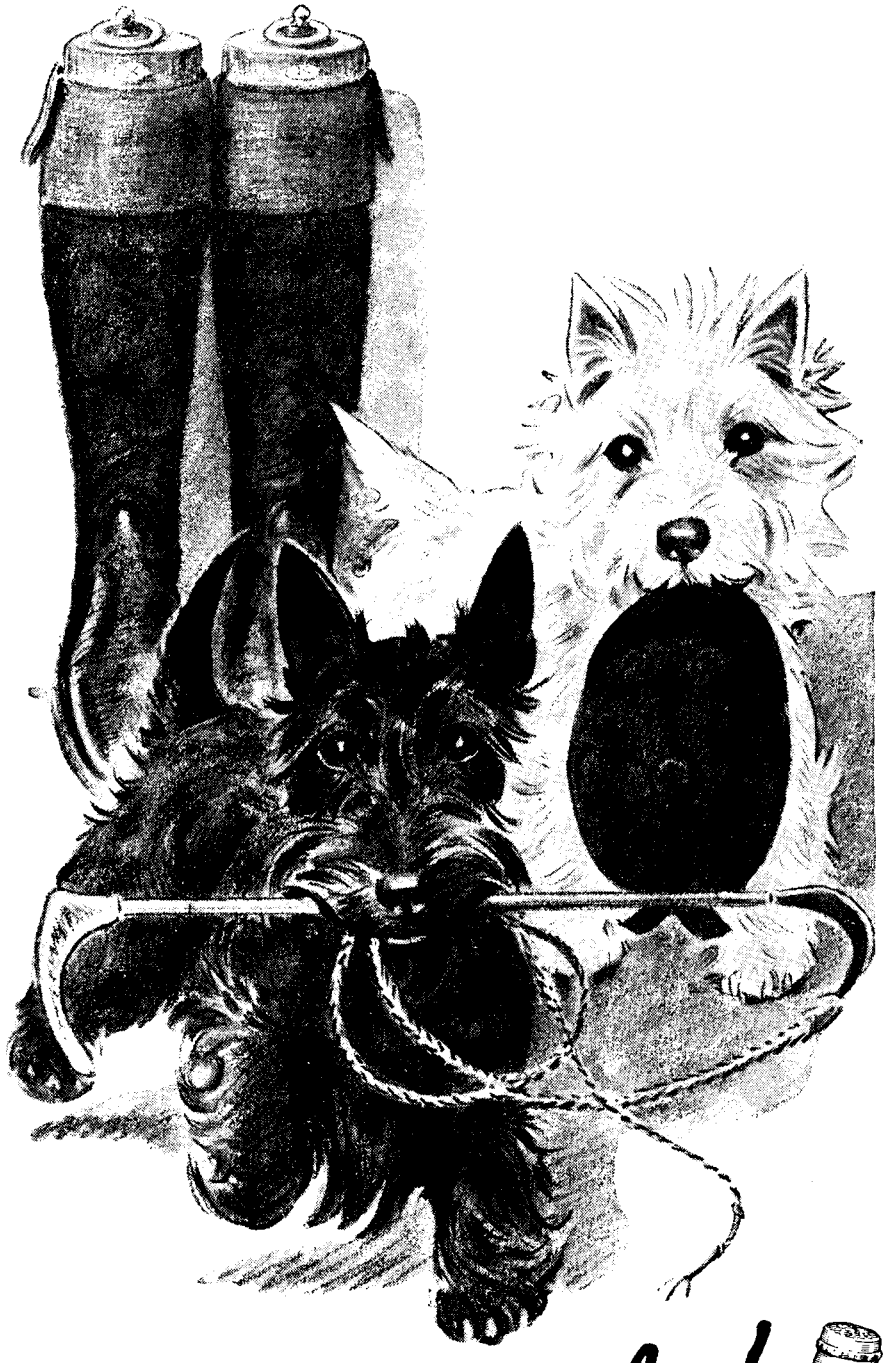
s!"; a Zulu chief complaining to an satisfactory wife, "I wish I had my t and seven hens back!" In an apdix, demon investigator Leslie ber has bad news for cartoonists: one cannibal in the past two cenies, apparently, has stewed a misnary in a kettle or pot; no school on ord has used a dunce cap in years New York teacher explains "our ool system makes no budgetary visions for dunce caps"); wives longer belay erring spouses with



ling pins; the only time the cops a man with a black mask is when mystery guest appears on "What's Line?"; and any Indian heard saying anything even remotely resemng "Ugh" is forthwith labeled a nball and relegated to Gimbel's toy partment.

NE REASON FOR THE DIP in fiction es," opines editor Robert Linscott, that there have been too many ychological novels. The novel isn't k; it's asleep on the analyst's couch." . Doubleday sets great store by omething of Value," a serious novel Robert Ruark with a Kenya locale nd a far cry from his previous orts) due on March 28. M-G-M has aranteed $300,000 (a nice round m) for the picture rights, with even ore if receipts warrant. . . . The rdy sale of the four-volume final rt of Arnold Toynbee's "A Study of story" (Oxford, $35) has amazed en its publisher. Proves once again at the public will pay plenty for mething it really wants. . . . Paper oon Sam Himmell found that out, , when he was a little shaver (bere the days of electric shavers, of urse). He found his store cluttered th 100 unsold copies of "David arum," but sold them out via one y advertisement. In it, it should be ted, he had the foresight to change e title to "David's Harem."

E WALL STREET JOURNAL presents us ith the picture of a slaphappy hostess a cocktail party collaring a beildered author to tell him, "I read our book as a magazine serial, in ook form, and in *The Reader's Digest*, d now I've seen it on the screen and television. Frankly, Mr. Martin, st what in hell are you trying to y?" —BENNETT CERF.



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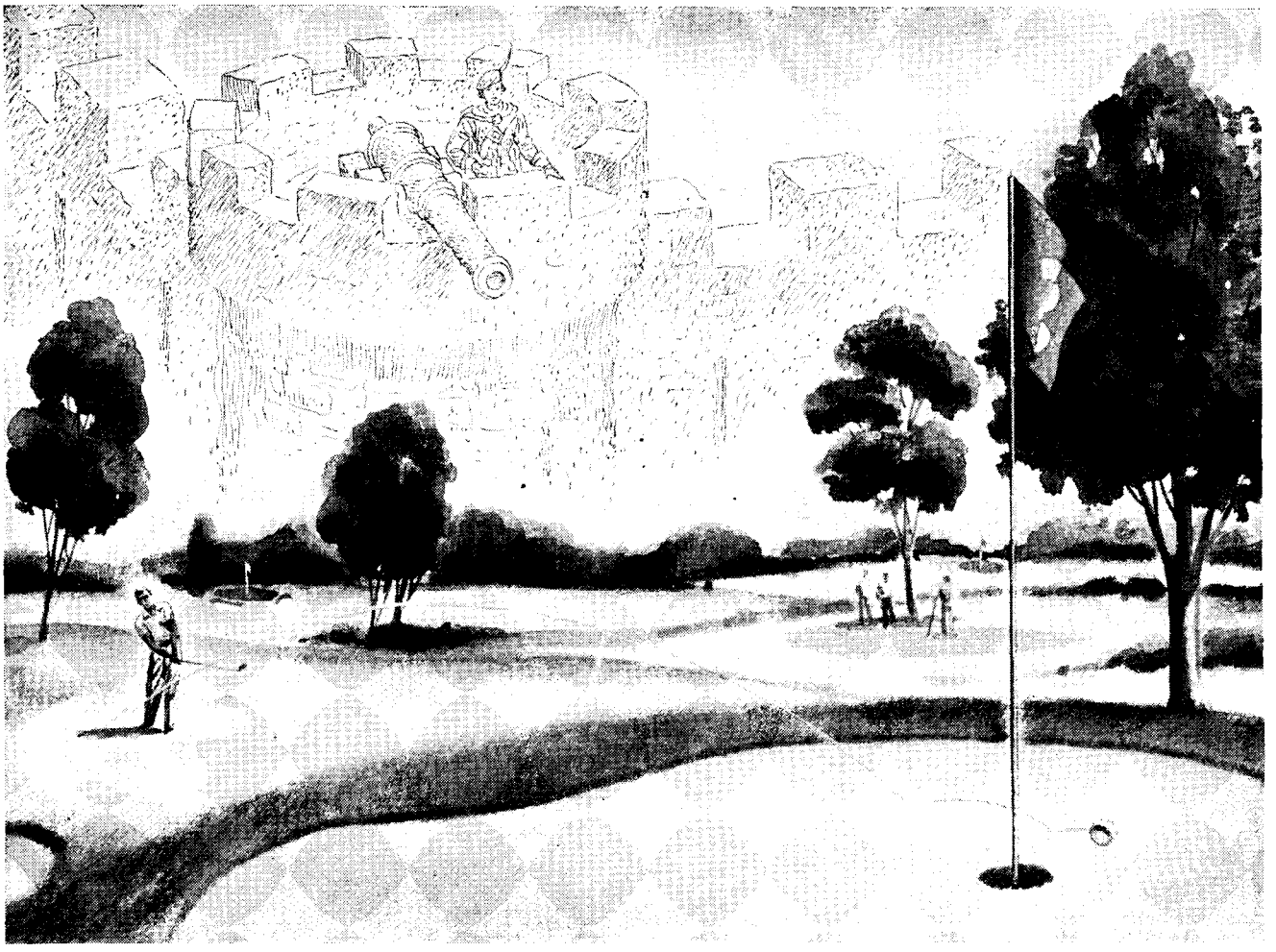

Thank Gunpowder for Golf

When "week-end widows" lay down the law to husbands who pursue the bounding pellet while lawn mowers gather cobwebs, they are merely repeating history.

In 1457, the Parliament of King James II outlawed the playing of "golfe" because the duffers of that period were shooting for pars, birdies, and eagles instead of practicing archery for national defense. Late in the century, the discovery of gunpowder retired the bow and arrow as a weapon and restored golf to the people.

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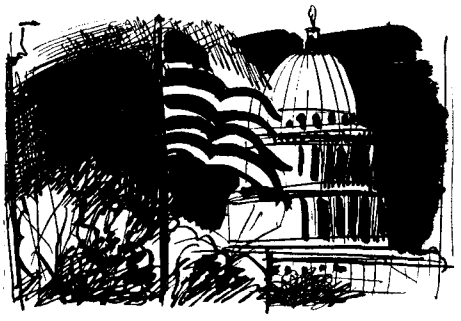

SHOULD CONGRESS INVESTIGATE?

1. The Case for the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security

EDITOR'S NOTE: For three years Robert Morris, now a judge, served as legal counsel for the United States Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, recently better known to friends and foes (and all readers of newspapers) as the "Jenner Committee." During that period Judge Morris, as a lawyer, was dismayed by his experience that both attackers and defenders of the Subcommittee, amid the great hubbub, did not seem to know exactly what the Subcommittee was doing, and how. In this article Judge Morris explains first the premises on which the Subcommittee operated, and then goes on to describe a number of specific cases in which these principles were applied in the Subcommittee's effort to determine the anatomy of the Communist movement in the United States. Next week *SR* will publish a replying article by Ernest Angell, chairman of the board of the American Civil Liberties Union, in which the practices of this Subcommittee (and others) are subjected to detailed analysis.

by ROBERT MORRIS

DURING the three years of my service with the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, ending in December 1953, when I became a New York City judge, the Soviet international empire continued to make extensive gains all over the world. Communists were winning the struggle with free men. While it often took time for the issue to join, once the issue was joined the outcome was rarely in doubt and the Communists' victories were decisive.

Like many others, I have often wondered why it was that the trend of victory always seems to flow towards the Soviet forces. But when two adversaries are arrayed against each other, the one with a purposeful master-plan, skilfully executed, and the other planless except for a haphazard and shifting defense that merely responds to his adversary's thrusts, the ultimate outcome in such an encounter is rarely in doubt. And such a trend of victory and reverses, once put in motion, has a cumulative effect. Marginal peoples, men who reside in the shadow of the oncoming colossus, tend to lose their spirit of resistance, and their voices express thoughts that are not displeasing to the onrushing victors. Most people, sensing inundation, accommodate themselves to the flood. That is one reason why neutralism is so strong in Europe and in India. That is why anti-Communism is not in vogue. And the most courageous defectors from the Soviet organization—men and women who have viewed the struggle with Communist eyes—joined us with the distinct conviction that they were leaving the winning side. Physical proximity to the enemy is not a necessary ingredient for this reaction. A brooding intellectual in a serene American university may perceive the course of the struggle and act accordingly. Such a man will find a way to accept the totalitarian fare of the Communists as something palatable.

The primary concern in matters bearing on internal security, in my opinion, should be a determination of the extent to which forces here in this country contribute to this relative deterioration of the free world's power. The identification of the mischievous individuals involved, while necessary, is really secondary. But I think it is now quite generally recognized that the free world has too long encouraged—as it did dur-

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"Oh, he's just on his company manners—at home he's a nice quiet guy!"

ing World War II and the postwar years—and later tolerated the expansion and consolidation of Soviet power. Something must be done if our free institutions are to survive.

Countries deteriorate and die when their will to resist has been eaten away. When the eating away process is not haphazard, but decay is rather the result of a calculated plan of destruction, then the deterioration is more shameful. What are we to do with those in our midst who use our academic and intellectual institutions to destroy our power and resistance and ultimately to destroy our freedom? Educators are, by virtue of their position as trustees of the formative minds of our youth, in a particularly strategic position when corrosion is being planned. The FBI can know who the subversives are but they usually are powerless to do anything more than watch them perform. The FBI cannot expose or prosecute, and this fact is the crux of the issue. And it should be small consolation to any of us—the parents of students or citizens generally—to know that the FBI knows who the Communist professors are if they can continue to ply their insidious role. We know that there are many Communist agents in our academic life. If, as many people have supposed, the Communist teacher is too rare a figure to exert more than a pinpoint influence, we might risk his presence rather than put up with the disagreements among ourselves that have resulted from efforts to locate and expose him. But what is the real extent of this menace? There is no doubt whatever that the overwhelming majority of our teachers are loyal, dutiful citizens. But one Communist agent in New York City alone, in 1950, had the assignment of processing 500 Communist teachers from the organized Party into an underground network. The Internal Security Subcommittee presented for legislative scrutiny a diversified sampling of eighty-seven teachers whom the evidence showed to have been Communists and the House Un-American Activities Committee presented many more.

THE only institution in our free society that can bring forth the underlying facts and let them be known to college presidents and to mothers and fathers is the Legislative Committee. Otherwise subversion is a matter of suspicion, personal differences, and confusion. No one can expect a Communist to identify himself and institutions are powerless to arrive at the facts.

The Committees, with their power of subpoena and their ability to publish their facts without fear of being sued for libel, have undertaken to smash the power of the Communist underground—not by putting people in jail but by simple exposure. When Otto John, the West German security official who went over to East Germany recently, held a press conference he declared that Communism was reality and that we should acc it. John went on to reprove the Am icans who were endeavoring to re this expanding reality. Likew when the Committees try to up the well-entrenched Communist co spiracy they are generally resent Resented, they are told, not for w they are trying to do but for th methods. Now, what are the Comm tees' methods? Let me mention methods of the Committee that I ha been associated with and concern which I am qualified to speak.

The Internal Security Subcomm tee, under the chairmanship of Se ator William E. Jenner, was made of nine Senators—five Republicans a four Democrats. The ranking Dem crat was the late Senator Pat McCa ran, who was chairman when t Democrats last organized the Sena This subcommittee undertook to lea the facts of this network. Here, in th own words, were the procedures methods that they followed:

> The Subcommittee sought as its determinant of subversion, membership in the Communist Party and overt acts connected therewith. It took cognizance of the many determinations that the American Communist Party is directed by the Soviet Government. Moreover, the Subcommittee conducted the hearings in such a way as to have the exposure of any educator as a member of the Communist Party come out of the educator's own sworn testimony.
>
> Recognizing that in the absence of an admission only sworn testimony of someone who was formerly among the ranks of the Communist Party can be evidence of another's Communist membership, the Subcommittee took in executive session the testimony of responsible ex-Communists and reliable Government agents. Even before the person identified was subpoenaed this evidence was carefully assessed and corroborated. This testimony was not made public in any case until the persons so identified as Communists were given an opportunity in private session to controvert or deny the evidence. After these private sessions the educators were then called before the Subcommittee also in private session and asked about the details of the evidence, and their refusal to deny or controvert the evidence was followed by open hearings. The Subcommittee felt that such a method was the most responsible procedure of exposing those who are Communists. Furthermore, it insured fairness and accuracy both to the witness and the Subcommittee, since, according to this standard, the names

(*Continued on page 47*)

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Smilemanship for the Gentleman

***ense of Humour," by Stephen tter** (Henry Holt 271 pp. $4), is ee volumes in one: a definition of t elusive thing humor, a history of development in the English lan- ge, and an anthology of notable es—the work of a British practi- ner about whom an enthusiastic cult orming. Here it is reviewed by Pro- sor Morris Bishop, editor of "A easury of British Humor."*

Morris Bishop

TEPHEN POTTER is a gentle- manly wit. He is an Oxford man, scholar with some valuable work Coleridge to his credit. His club, may be confident, is the right b. (EDITOR'S NOTE: His clubs, ac- ding to the British "Who's Who," the Athenaeum, Savile, Garrick, l Leander.) His immortal studies gamesmanship, lifemanship, one- manship are an insider's satires the code of the gentleman-sports- n. And his sense of humour is a ıtlemanly sense of humor, straight- ed, betraying itself by the flat tone l the twitching nostril, delighting the dissonance, the significant- surd, the sudden revealing phrase. His new book, "Sense of Humour," gins with a brief and scholarly tory of English humor, from "The vl and the Nightingale" (1180), ough Chaucer's baffling blend of pstick and dead-pan whimsy, ough the "climax of English hu- ur" in Samuel "Erewhon" Butler d Bernard Shaw, and through its decline, by the author's own modest admission, to Stephen Potter. He then examines, subtly and shrewdly, the baffling phenomenon itself. He defines "humour," in the modern meaning, as "the sense of something begetting a quietly analytical amusement—the ready ability to feel that amusement." Disregarding the fact that he defines his unknown, "humour," in the terms of another unknown, "amusement," we may well remark that his quietly analytical amusement expresses itself by the smile, not the laugh, and that it is a characteristic of the quietly analytical person, the cultivated literary type, the gentleman, in a word. His Sense of Humour is the property of the élite.

This is of course quite all right; the élite are entitled to their special kind of comedy. Indeed, every individual is entitled to his own kind of humor; the serious humorist knows perfectly well that his large generalizations proceed merely from what amuses him personally. (I could say "extrapolation" here were it not that extrapolation seems to me a very funny word. Private sense of humor.) The reader should be informed in advance of the kind of humor his guide regards as Humour. Most of Mr. Potter's book, more than two hundred pages, consists of selections in illustration of his theme; it is an anthology of things that have amused Mr. Potter. As he is a very urbane, highly cultivated, and whimsical person, those of you who share his qualities will be equally amused. But those who do not share his qualities will find his choices idiosyncratic. They are very literary, betraying a special delight in verbalism, in strange puns, in parody. Here are scenes from Huxley's "Point Counterpoint," sedate middle-class idiocies from Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" and Trollope's "Barchester Towers," bucolic denseness from Thomas Hardy. All these selections are low in key; they seldom provoke the gape-jawed guffaw. Many of them, in fact, seem hardly humorous at all, in the usual sense; they are curiosa on human behavior.

Mr. Potter quotes, under the heading of "Unconscious Humour," from his Car Instruction Book: "If adjustment of the opening is required, turn engine until contact arm heel

—*From "Sense of Humour."*

ORED LITTLE GIRL: "Aren't you nearly ean now, Mummy?"—"The innumerable ildren who made their sweet remarks in ıe pages of *Punch* of the early Twen- es were almost invariably upper-class."

THE AUTHOR: Stephen Potter, the Dalai Lama of Potterdom, has, at fifty-five, won the eternal gratitude of thousands of Anglo-Saxons who without him might have been absolute plonks. Potter, a tall, thin, honest-looking Londoner, first handed down the commandments of Gamesmanship in 1948, and life hasn't been as virtuous since. For only $2.75 men, women, and precocious children can take instruction in, say, "The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating."

However, for ordinary mortals to become fully matriculated Gamesmen and reap *mirabilia* there are a number of prerequisites, none of them essential: good academic family, good upbringing, good schools, all of which Potter himself enjoyed and which he sketched Gamesmanly the other day at the Savile Club in London. Born, 1900; attended Oxford, early 1920s; married Mary Attenborough, who has since become a well-known British painter, in 1927; taught and wrote till the mid-Thirties; wrote from then on. His books include a novel in 1928, a study of D. H. Lawrence in 1930, and the "Nonesuch Coleridge" a few years later. Around 1935 he joined the BBC to write humour. By a spectacular stroke of luck England was hit by a fuel crisis in 1947 and everything stopped running, except Potter. He wrote "Gamesmanship" in five weeks. "I don't think this technique is widely known in the States," he said sadly, "but there are a few small but tremendously powerful *bunds* for which I have great hopes. I do not practise Gamesmanship myself *in any form recognizable as such*," the master continued. "My approach is to suggest, of course, that all this is a *satire* on human behavior—how *not* to behave. However, it is possible *by a certain half-obtrusive* method of not practising Gamesmanship at all to be remarkably hitting off, if not pulverizing. The counter to this, of course, is not to have the faintest idea who I am. There is a method—. However, there is some super-Gamesmanship and super-Lifemanship I must keep to myself."

—BERNARD KALB.

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Fig. 3 Clothesmanship: wrong clothes in which Miss E. Watson beat Mrs. de Greim in the Finals of the Waterloo Cup Croquet Tourney, 18th August 1902.

—*From "Gamesmanship."*

is on the point of a cam, slacken off Screw 'A' (nearest the contact breaker points) and turn Screw 'B' (between Screw 'A' and contact arm pivot) until the required gap of .018 ins. is obtained. Then tighten up Screw 'A'. A small quantity of Vaseline occasionally applied to the lobes of the cam will keep the wear at this point at a minimum." This passage seems so funny to Mr. Potter that, he says, he breaks down completely after reading a half dozen words. I see his point, but after all a cam is laughable only to those who do not know what a cam is. The laughter seems to me to proceed from the superiority of ignorance.

I AM afraid I am yielding to the critic's habit of criticizing. In fact, Mr. Potter's book is full of very amusing, very revealing, very novel bits. That marvelous exchange between Arnold Bennett and Hugh Walpole! Those wonderful morsels from Terence Rattigan, Harriette Wilson, Sir Harold Nicolson, and many others! Even Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

> There, now, you are white with anger.
> I knew it would be so.
> You should not question a man too close
> When he tells you he must go.

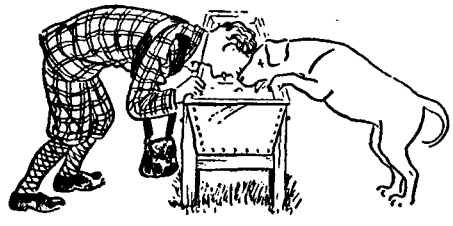
Tom Masson, who was editor of the old *Life*, used to get out a humorous annual: "Laughs of 1923," "Laughs of 1924," and so on. He had the inspiration of calling his annual "Laffs." He told me that the sales tripled.

I found "Sense of Humour" a delightful book. But you certainly could not substitute for its title the word Laffs.

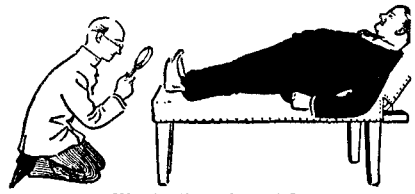
Potterism: Its Ploys and Plonks

IT IS with three slim, calm, subversive volumes—all of them published within the space of half a decade, here at the midpoint of the twentieth century—that Stephen Potter, Oxon., *Punch*, BBC, has made his unmistakable dent on Western Civilization. The three books: "Gamesmanship, or The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating" (Holt, 1948); "Lifemanship, or The Art of Getting Away with It Without Being an Absolute Plonk" (Holt, 1951); and "One-Upmanship" (Holt, 1952), this last being a sort of curriculum catalogue for a correspondence college of Gamesmanship, Lifemanship, and Gameslifemastery.

Potter's Underlying Theory may be defined somewhat as follows: Life can be rich, life can be meaningful—but only for the fellow who can always manage to keep the *other* fellow just unpleasantly off balance. Just off his game, one might say, especially if one were talking about the playing and winning of games; in short, of Gamesmanship. The point, however, being that the true Gamesman (or Lifeman) is never anything but scrupulously correct and courteous: that's in fact his whole secret, skill, and power. Take this situation: You are about to become involved in a game of golf, tennis, etc., with an opponent of clearly superior talents. It is to be an altogether friendly game, of course—yet of course (and as ever) you badly want to win. What to do? Just as a first step why not try the "Play-for-Fun" gambit? Particularly if your opponent has given you an opening by expressing a wish to play for some small, token stake; or a wish, on the other hand, *not* to do so. The beauty of the "Play-for-Fun" gambit is that, like many of Potter's gambits, it works either way. In Case A—opponent suggests wager—Potter's ploy is simplicity itself. (A *ploy* is any one individual stroke, move, or maneuver within some all-embracing gambit.) "Come," you blandly murmur, "let's just play for



"Gattling-Fenn Developing Dogmanship to the Point of Absurdity."



—*Illustrations from "One-Upmansh*

"M. D. Manship: a simple method of making a patient feel a fool. If he complains of earache after bathing examine his plantar surfaces."

the fun of the game." Result: Y have made your rival think that y think he's not much better than athletic Con Man. Further result: reflexes are shot for the afternoon.

In Case B—you propose the wage the final ploy is still more devastatir

> LAYMAN (your opponent): Hal a crown on it? No, I'm not particularly anxious to play for money. What *is* the point? If one starts worrying about the pennies . .
> GAMESMAN (yourself): Exactly If money is important to you much better not.
> LAYMAN: But I meant—
> GAMESMAN: (*friendly*) Ofcourse

WELL, that's Gamesmanship, or o very small part of it. Some of t other parts are these: The Pre-Gar (including How to Start: The Flurry Winmanship (including When to Gi Advice); Luncheonship; Losemanshi Lost Game Play.

Lifemanship is merely Gamesma ship on a much larger scale or scre or canvas—the very canvas of Li itself. The literary life, for exampl say you're an Eminent Author bei called upon, at home, by a You Interviewer. You'd like to throw tl jitters into him right from the b ginning. Enter Young Interviewe "Ah," you say, urbanely, "sit yc down." This one never fails, and much for Writership; other impo tant branches of Lifemanship are Co versationship (including Glaciatic and OK-Words); Actorship; Musi Plonking (Plonking is what you c when you have nothing whatsoev to say except something extreme stupid and obvious; this must alwa be uttered as roundly, as hollowl as dogmatically as possible).

One-Upmanship is merely all Gamesmanship multiplied by all Lifemanship: the fullest flowering the art of always keeping one u on everybody, everywhere, in ever conceivable possible circumstance.

—JERRY TALLMER.

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Democracy in Danger

***The Public Philosophy," by Walter Lippmann** (Little, Brown. 189 p. $3.50), is an analysis of the causes of the rapid decline of liberal democracy and the rise of totalitarianism in our time. Here it is reviewed by Frank Altschul, director of the Council on Foreign Relations.*

By Frank Altschul

WHEN Walter Lippmann in his latest book, "The Public Philosophy," focuses his attention on some of the shortcomings of liberal democracy in adjusting itself to the manifold problems of the contemporary world, he is the lucid critic with whose incisive commentaries on the passing scene we are all so familiar. But when he enters the domain of philosophy, to say the very least, he is hard to follow. If at times he seems obscure, it would be unbecoming for a male man to suggest that this may be due to the two years he spent in the post-graduate study of philosophy at Harvard. More likely it is nothing more than another example of the occupational hazard to which philosophers are exposed.

"The Public Philosophy" is not a book destined to make a wide popular appeal. Yet for the limited audience to which it is addressed, there are nuggets of wisdom and of acute observation in its analysis of the reasons for "the alarming failure of the Western liberal democracies to cope with the realities of this century." In explanation of this "alarming failure," Mr. Lippmann advances the thesis that "there has developed . . . a functional derangement of the relationship between the mass of the people and the Government. The people have acquired power which they are incapable of exercising, and the governments they elect have lost powers which they must recover if they are to govern."

What, then, is the nature of this functional derangement—this "malady of democratic states"? It is to be found primarily in the "devitalization of the governing power" consequent upon the "mounting power" which "mass opinion has acquired . . . in this century." Because public officials are "always on trial for their political lives, always required to court their restless constituents," only the rarest among them are able to maintain that independence of judgment and conduct which in earlier days was looked upon as one of their more engaging attributes. The decisive consideration which weighs with them today is not whether a "proposition is good but whether it is popular," and this very mass opinion to which they increasingly feel obliged to cater "has shown itself to be a dangerous master of decisions when the stakes are life and death." The trend of this mass opinion has shifted to what Lippmann calls an essentially Jacobin view, which deifies the presumably popular will at the expense of that body of political belief that grew out of Magna Charta, the English Bill of Rights of 1689, Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois," and our own Declaration of Independence and Bill of Rights. The principle of constitutional government that rests on these documents, a principle that sets just government above any element in the polity, even above the "people" if they are frivolous or intransigent in the exercise of sovereignty, lies at the root of Lippmann's "Public Philosophy."

A distinction must be drawn, according to Mr. Lippmann, between "The People as voters" and *"The People* as a community of the entire living population, with their predecessors and successors." It is "The People as voters" who, in accordance with our democratic procedures, so powerfully influence the determination of policy. Yet if, as Mr. Lippmann contends and as experience confirms, "the opinions of voters in elections are not to be accepted unquestioningly as true judgments of the vital interests of the community, it is by no means clear in what way and under what system "the entire living population, with their predecessors and successors" can be brought to achieve a more satisfactory result.

—*Fabian Bachrach.*

Walter Lippmann—"nuggets of wisdom."

Having posed this problem, Mr. Lippmann leaves it without offering any practical solution, and turns to the respective roles of the Executive and the representative assembly. Here he finds that "the power of the Executive has become enfeebled, often to the verge of impotence, by the pressures of the representative assembly and of mass opinion." There can be little doubt that for reasons which he stresses material encroachments have been made upon the Executive function. Yet he fails to mention the telling weapon which in a democracy the Executive has at his disposal to counter such encroachments. There is no word about the vital importance of imaginative and courageous leadership without which democracy inevitably falters. It would seem that his indictment of a system to which we remain deeply attached should more properly be lodged against some of the occasional possessors of Executive authority. Certainly in the United States there is no substitute for the clear voice of the President in the formation and the marshaling of mass opinion.

A BREAKDOWN in the constitutional order, "the cause of the precipitate and catastrophic decline of Western society," according to Mr. Lippmann, "may, if it cannot be arrested and reversed, bring about the fall of the West." The warning is timely; for surely the West is threatened as never before. But is it the manner in which democratic societies are presently governed that lies at the root of our peril rather than the Pandora's box we opened with the dropping of the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima? The dawn of the thermonuclear age posed not only for the democracies but for all humanity dangers of a new order of magnitude, leaving the Executive branch of government less concerned with the question whether it can act than what the prudent and intelligent course of action should be.

While many minds are occupied with the practical aspects of today's challenge, Mr. Lippmann, as the title of his book indicates, takes refuge in philosophy. He has reached the

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conclusion, which to many will not seem novel, that "there is a body of positive principles and precepts which a good citizen cannot deny or ignore." And here we return to the "public philosophy," which in fact does exist, buried in the subconscious or elsewhere, requiring nothing more than to be exhumed and revived.

But a careful reading of Mr. Lippmann's book reveals the features of this philosophy only in vaguest outline. To the limited extent that the "body of positive principles and precepts" is defined it bears a strong resemblance to what we are taught from earliest school days as basic American doctrine. And, while we do not always in our conduct conform to this doctrine in every particular, it remains, by and large, a vital and driving force in our national life. It is just because we are secure in our beliefs, if not at times in our behavior, that we are wholly engaged on the side of freedom in its mortal struggle with tyranny.

Mr. Lippmann, deeply concerned that *both* liberty and democracy be preserved, has written an eloquent if an unconvincing book. His prescription seems somewhat less than adequate for the malady he describes.

Europe—Up Front

OUR TIMES: A compact and intelligent study **"World History from 1914 to 1950,"** by David Thomson (Oxford University, $1), is the latest volume in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge. David Thomson, who lectures at Cambridge and has written excellent analyses of recent and contemporary European developments, presents the twentieth-century world as a stage on which Europe fills the center and the other continents the wings. His Europocentric focus, acceptable to his English readers, may seem less satisfactory to Americans. But they will find his comments on the United States shrewd and his generalizations about Asia and Africa enlightening. He never forgets the first lesson of twentieth-century politics: that every nation's history now has a global context.

Thomson's first three chapters, The World Scene in 1914, The First World War, and Postwar Decade, 1919-1929, are longer and more judicial than his last three, Prewar Decade, 1929-1939, The Second World War, and Mid-Century Milestones. This is understandable, and one may hope that he will recast his later material in more definitive form a few years from now when time permits him to measure it in perspective.

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.

FICTION

Voracity in the Vosges

"The Royal Hunt," by Pierre Moinot *(translated by Ralph Manheim. Alfred A. Knopf. 247 pp. $3.50), the work of a new French novelist of uncommon promise, tells of men living close to savage beasts in the Vosges mountains and the ambitions and passions that consume them.*

By Laurent LeSage

Pierre Moinot—"fierce appetites."

IN THE "Cahiers d'André Walter" André Gide speaks of the "emotion when one is quite close upon happiness—when one has only to reach out and touch it—to pass it by." Is the exaltation of young Gide's self-denial a greater joy than self-abandonment? In "The Royal Hunt" a new French novelist, Pierre Moinot, sets before us again the Gidean dilemma and offers, in a story of great beauty and humanity, some tentative solutions. The characters involved possess fierce appetites for love, for life, for death. They are tempted to give in to them like the wild beasts in whose midst they live—and suspect they would be the wiser for so doing. But wills just as fierce as their appetites make them hold back. Fear of life, shame, and pride stiffen their resistance. And they are tempted by the bitter sweetness of refusal. The great physical combats between man and man or between man and beast, which are fought out against the grandeur of Vosges mountain scenery, are no more intense than the inner struggles these men and women experience, caught between ambivalent lusts for life or renunciation.

Henri has become like a "great wild, but slow-moving animal," scorning all human ties except the companionship of the hunt. His younger friend, Philippe, knows what primitive contentment the forest can offer. He knows, too, the savage thrill of killing, be it game or poachers. Bloodshed and beauty, killing and loving, are all mixed up in Philippe. Yet was the murderous delight in bringing down the Kommera stag sweeter than the "sorrowful slow joy" he felt the time he had not fired? The love he bears Hélène Servance burns all the hotter for being suppressed. He is sorely tempted to remain in a dream of love, like Hélène's mother, whose sole reality is the memory of her husband, killed years ago after ga loping madly through his short li like the accursed royal huntsman the legend. It is old Céline, convince of the futility of her own sterile lif who pushes Philippe to action—Célin and Hélène herself, who, after bitte rebellion, has given in to her lov for Philippe.

THIS novel of rage, blood, and lov is cast in a form as pure and re strained as its passions are violen It progresses swiftly through tersel told episodes to a dénouement skil fully prepared for. No bombast i language, no thumping to emphasiz its symbolic overtones, no overdrawn characters. And its frame of natur description has delicate loveliness.

Thirty-five-year-old Pierre Moino published his first novel in 1951, chronicle of war experiences remark able for its sincerity and emotion but without distinction of form. Tw years later the expertly constructe "Royal Hunt" appeared. By submitting his talent to strict discipline Moinot had, if anything, strengthened its emotional impact, for "The Royal Hunt" is an elegant and virile novel worthy of the prizes and acclaim it has received in France. In a translation by Ralph Manheim, which seems excellent, and in a handsome volume designed by Charles E. Skaggs, it makes an auspicious appearance in English.

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erlin Ruin

***y Name Is Celia,*" by Rayne uger** *(Macmillan. 245 pp. $3.50), cribes, symbolically, the fall of man ough the fall of a woman in present- Berlin—the metaphorical "nut in Russian nutcracker."*

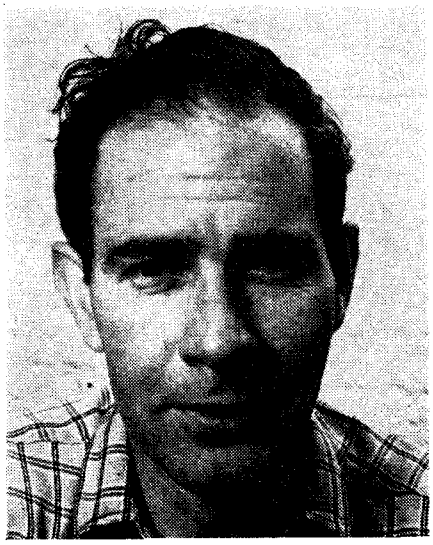
Harvey Curtis Webster

FTER a night she surprises herself by enjoying in a Bohemian club London, Celia, protagonist of Rayne uger's new novel, "My Name Is lia," thinks about a story she'd like write:

t was to be a study of a woman's noral and spiritual disintegration. That night a whole world of Bo- iemia had seemed vividly and en- icingly before her: that world n which it simply did not matter vhen or even if you rose in the norning, with whom or how you vent to bed, whether your hair vas combed or your bills paid . . . world whose Hell was respon- ibility, and its Heaven abandon.

ien Celia goes to Berlin to find inheritance that will increase the nfortable respectability of herself d her family she finds herself living her than writing the projected vel.

Any short account of what happens Celia in West Berlin—"a nut in the ssian nutcracker," where everyone "besieged by nervous tension" and arly everyone is affected by the oral disintegration that has followed feat—is bound to sound excessively elodramatic. Celia digs at night in e rubbled garden of her German cle for buried gold; she falls in st with Gerd, a sadist and a mur- rer; she makes a dangerous trip East Berlin. But Mr. Kruger has good deal of Graham Greene's abil- to make what is unlikely seem ely and meaningful. As in his first vel, "The Spectacle," the melo-



—Lidbrooke.

Rayne Kruger—"to fall is salvation."

drama is entertaining, plausible, and serious.

What is beginning to emerge as the main theme in this young novelist's work is the continuousness with which man reenacts Adam's fall. In Mr. Kruger's first book, "The Spectacle," Grant Hoathly falls through too much knowledge; Celia falls because she understands herself too little and because her sensitivity is overwhelmed by the moral and physical chaos she observes in Berlin. Looking at the ruin of a church she thinks: "If a House of God were in ruin did He still inhabit it? Could you go in and ask His help . . . I've moved house my child: I'm in my heaven, for all's wrong with the world."

CELIA'S tragedy, like that of Gerd and Grant Hoathly, is the consequence of her own character and of the world without valid values in which she lives. But she is more admirable than those who have not yet been compelled to leave their comfortable Edens. Indeed, Mr. Kruger seems to believe that one's fall, since it makes him understand others and feel for them, is a way of salvation.

"My Name Is Celia" is a better novel than "The Spectacle." It is true that only Celia and Gerd are fully realized characters and that the others fall into the stereotypes one expects in an ordinary thriller (the good man, the dupe, etc.). It is even true that the style occasionally descends to the level of Edgar Wallace. Nevertheless, the novel as a whole not only holds your attention but makes you feel and think. If "The Spectacle" recalls Graham Greene's "entertainments," "My Name Is Celia" recalls, and at not too far a distance, Greene's best novel. "The Power and the Glory."

Gossip Ghouls

***"The Slander of Witches," by Richard Gehman** (Rinehart. 241 pp. $3), recounts the havoc wrought in a small city when tongues start wagging over an innocent enough romance.*

By Charles Lee

TALK may be cheap, but gossip can be expensive. "Foul whisperings are abroad" in the small Pennsylvania city of Buchanan as well as in Birnam wood. "The Slander of Witches," Richard Gehman's third novel, quiet in its early development, quickens to gory melodrama as he traces the consequences of casual slander and teaches us something about the responsibility of speech.

At the center of the story is Louise Woods, rich ward of the yet richer Letty Osborne, an unobtrusively attractive girl of twenty-two, wistful, indecisive in character, well-traveled, but curiously unobservant of the world and the people about her. Louise is not very bright, though she knows enough not to let herself be trapped into marriage with chubby Harry Buckwalter, whose governing purpose in life is to be the best golfer in Buchanan.

Partly to help out in a moment of office crisis and partly to give herself something to do, Louise becomes secretary to an old family friend, Charles Morrison. That she becomes an expert typist in two weeks as well as a dependable legal assistant is explained more by the author's telescopic touch than by Louise's ability; and the reader must accept as authorial assertion, also, the wit, calm, and intellectuality of her employer.

Louise and Charles, moreover, discover certain novelties in their old-friend relationship. Triumphing over their joint impediments, they achieve a kind of superficially innocent emotional satisfaction in each other's presence. And that is where their suppressed romancing might have lain if the town's talkers had not roused it to open admission. The resultant climax involves apoplexy, suicide, an accidental beheading, and general spiritual desolation.

The trouble with "The Slander of Witches" is not the idea on which it is built: the assassinative aspect of language is a subject rich in dramatic possibilities. Gehman knows it and works conscientiously to prove it, but his plot-line is too transparently rigged and his characters too painfully deficient in common-sense to make his demonstration convincing.

Long View

By Alfred Kreymborg

THEY say that winter is cold:
winds and snow
altogether too cold for one to
bear.
I may be blind, dense or slow,
too slow—
yet I feel warm with living
anywhere.

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To Buy—and Reason Why

***"Consumer Behavior," edited by Lincoln Clark** (New York University Press. 128 pp. $4), brings together between book covers the fruits of the first inquiries sponsored by the Committee for Research on Consumer Attitudes and Behavior. Here it is reviewed by Ben Gedalecia, supervisor of advertising research for Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn.*

By Ben Gedalecia

THE Committee for Research on Consumer Attitudes and Behavior was established in 1952 by a group of university social scientists to find out why consumers buy, and to study the factors behind this decision-making process. We need information of this kind since recent dynamic economic, social, and cultural changes have produced a new consumer—the Twentieth Century American Consumer. This sounds like a creature from a "brave new American world"—and it is.

Unhappily, the Committee's first publication, a book called "Consumer Behavior," does not meet the challenge of its subject. In fact, it is not a coherent volume but a compilation of various things: the proceedings of the annual meetings of the Committee at the University of Michigan, reports of several research studies of varying merit, a longish piece on suburban living by an editor of *Fortune*, another article suggesting ways to appeal to the new one-class mass market, and an annotated bibliography. Much of this information is useful, but I'm disappointed because so much has been included to add physical proportions to the book. This is bemoanable because the Committee has embarked on a dynamic idea for research, and not many ideas worth researching have had the opportunity of being carried through by so many able people.

Perhaps the place to begin a detailed consideration of "Consumer Behavior" is to note the uncomfortable obeisance to the holy % sign. It is unfortunately true that for some contributors almost anything seems to take on validity when figures are stated as percentages. It doesn't quite matter how poorly the information has been gathered, or how trivial the thought behind it, so long as the findings are presented in tabular form with percentages clearly stated. Such lovingly and laboriously presented data can be applicable only to a non-existent problem.

In this volume, beside the holy % sign, there is something else that has become increasingly important in the social sciences—the interdisciplinary approach. This approach means that sociologists, social psychologists, economists, and anthropologists come together in generalized sessions and attempt to relate their different disciplines to the same problem.

Judged by the fruits of its labors to date, it would seem that the problem of consumer behavior demands a more dynamic approach than the Committee has settled for. Since we are all consumers, we all think we know how consumers act. This kind of expertness is but one of the fields in which we all pretend to be authorities. Dr. Kinsey made this finding some time ago. And Dr. Kinsey also discovered that we make judgments on the basis of ourselves—we generalize from personal, subjective experience. Any attempt to approach the area of behavior objectively is very difficult, and often the Committee fails in this purpose.

The major portion of "Consumer Behavior" is given over to a study, made by the Survey Research Center at the University of Michigan, of purchase decisions. The study was conducted under a grant given t Committee by Consumers Union. T study was concerned with the deg of thought and deliberation that g into the purchase of expensive d able goods—stoves, refrigerators, sets, and washing machines. I comparison purposes, purchases such items were compared with t purchase of sport shirts. The findi show that roughly a quarter of take considerable pains before buy such expensive items, and group of similar size makes up mind without a great deal of delibe tion. Again, half of us take so pains before we spend the money expensive durable goods. Also an lyzed in detail are the differen between various groupings in t population, and the pains taken b fore the purchase is made. All t is good and, speaking professional I learned a great deal.

HOWEVER, one idea that is d turbing runs through the book. This a preconception as to what mak for "good" consumer behavior. Ce tain value judgments are made a analytical procedures are based these notions. Subjectively, the Co mittee has a stereotype of the "goo consumer—he is the person who e amines everything, who shops fr store to store, and who approach

Winter by the Ironworks

By Norman Nicholson

ON the goose green, on the street, softly as snow
The slagbanks drift, and yellow
As snow, and seeming-permanent also,
Checked and chalked by the frost. Slowly,
Slag-flake and -fall slither and crumble over
Back garden fences, breaking wire and willow,
Choking gulley and grid. Children (their throats
Smoking with dialect) burrow
Tunnels and runnels of shadow
In the yellow-grey of the slope;
Build slagmen, grubble and grope
In the crag-icy iron—as if they did not know
That all this mineral marvel, this H_2O,
This ferrous fancy-piece, will last no
Longer than spit in the fire at the sun's first coking
Up in the morning. Snow-cap and slide will go
Gallivanting through a goose's gizzard, and slagbanks blow
Away in the woosh of the wind. Water and stone
Are shown here to the eye for no more than a moment
Frozen into pattern, and only memory knows
When the atoms fluke an accidental rose.

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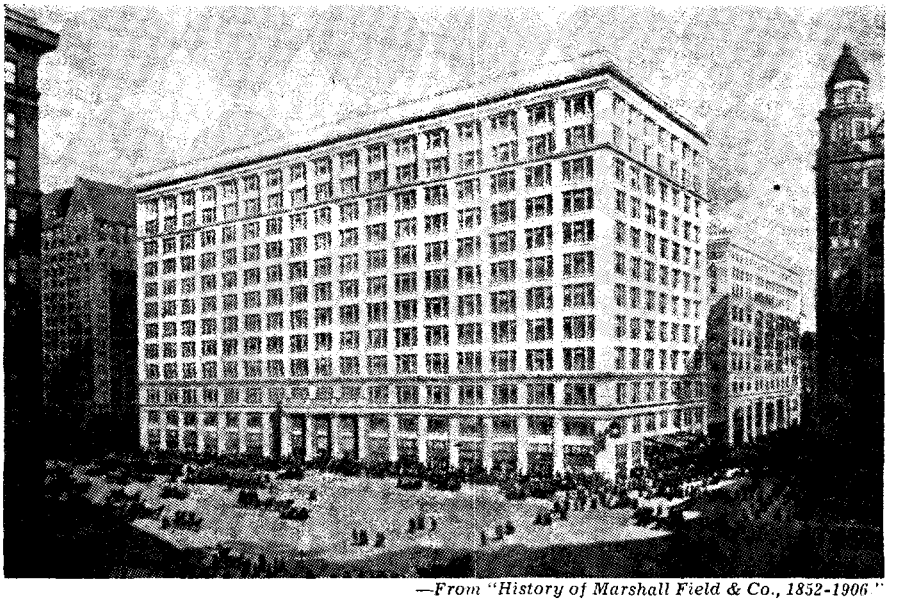
h purchase as a major decision to made from innumerable factors. y failure to measure up to these umed criteria leads to damnation own as "brand rigidity" or "care- s choice."

UCH an approach to the general dy of consumer behavior leaves ch to be desired. As David Reis- n pointed out in "The Lonely owd," we live in a society in which vs of consumption is the means which many of us communicate h one another. We *know* what kes a good TV set or refrigerator m a wide variety of stimuli that n't measured in the Survey Re- rch Center study. We might even that in our environment the mean- of commodities is impressed upon from all sides, but the important t is that we become oriented to each ier by talking about these com- dities. And we must know their anings if we are to remain mem- s of our particular group. This not easily measurable nor, I sus- t, can many of us give meaning- answers to this pervasive and derlying attitude in a conventional erview situation. We tend to come with superficial answers in too ny cases. And if we are some- at better educated or financially ll off our replies probably tend be in the direction of what we ieeive should be "good" consumer iavior.

The lead-off article in the book, he Consumer in the New Sub- bia," by William H. Whyte, Jr. *Fortune*, is an excellently written count of communal life as it is ed in our mushrooming suburban velopments. Whyte's description ds up to a cross between a frater- y house, an Army barracks, and wartime trailer camp. The manner which individuals are integrated o the group, the life of the group, d the pressure to conform to group ores are vividly set forth—perhaps much so. The developments I've en (many) and lived in (two) in way measured up to the conform- of my college fraternity or to at of present-day Washington. Mr. hyte, I'm afraid, has added some tions of his own as to what life is e in such developments. Whether neralizations can be made for all burban communities might also ve been considered.

This is an interesting volume on exciting subject. Although I have iticized some of the thinking be- nd it as being too narrow, I'm sure at more time and future studies ill allow the Committee to take up e implications of our changing nes that have created this new merican, this new consumer.



—From "History of Marshall Field & Co., 1852-1906"

The Marshall Field store in 1907—". . . 'all the girls who wear high heels'."

Biographies of Business

"Business Without Boundary: The Story of General Mills," by James Gray *(University of Minnesota Press. 343 pp. $4.75), and* ***"History of Marshall Field & Co., 1852-1906," by Robert W. Twyman*** *(University of Pennsylvania Press. 249 pp. $5), are the most recent examples of American business's current inclination to recount its own past through company histories. William Miller, the reviewer, is the co-author of "The Age of Enterprise" and other historical works on business.*

By William Miller

IN MOST of the nations of the world the history of industry has been inextricably connected with the history of the state, not with private business as Americans have known it. In its relation with the state the history of industry, moreover, has been largely the history of wars. The story of European steel-making, for example, is one of armaments, not of autos or appliances; the story of European food-processing is concerned with the feeding of soldiers, not with advertising and packaging.

Almost nowhere has private business entered so directly and so pervasively into the life and spirit of the people as in the United States. With scarcely any competition—from landed barons, conquerors, clerics, or scholars —it has supplied the medium and the materials of aspiration, the models and goals of success. Business has been central to the American experience; as such it has fostered the bitterest of personal conflicts and witnessed the recurrent tragedy of irreversible defeat, the irony of unearned victory. Business has supplied the occasion for countless suicides, but it has also been the instrument of the profoundest self-realization, the stage for the headiest exercise of power. A Bunyanesque feat of the imagination, nevertheless, is required to discover more than an inkling of any of this in two pallid books recently published, James Gray's "Business Without Boundary: The Story of General Mills" and Robert W. Twyman's "History of Marshall Field & Co.," or indeed in most of the other so-called business histories of recent years, of which these are not unrepresentative.

Though the reader is left uninformed on such matters, it probably was the aim of Gray's book to give General Mills a puff and of Twyman's to get the author a Ph.D. Of the two the former is the less unusual and less valuable volume. General Mills (Gold Medal Flour, Wheaties, Cheerios, Bisquick, Betty Crocker) was organized on the eve of the Great Depression in 1928 and celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in 1953. The major of the component companies that were combined in this giant corporation, however, that owned by the Washburn and Crosby families, was started before the Civil War and about a third of Mr. Gray's book is given to the history of this firm. Its significant contributions

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to milling technology and the marketing of flour at home and abroad are duly recounted; but, as is quite proper in commemorative books of this type, the story is framed in an exhibit of worshipful executive portraits.

The Washburns were an extraordinary Down East family which simultaneously in the 1850s supplied three Congressmen from three different states—one from Maine, a second from Illinois, the third from Wisconsin. For all of their success in flour milling the Washburns' failure to concentrate exclusively on business was probably what left them second to Pillsbury in their chosen line. It is a characteristic weakness of Mr. Gray's book that the Pillsburys get but the scantiest mention though they, not the Washburns, actually dominated the milling industry. The author's approach is not unlike that of the standard TV entertainer who would rather die than fail to strangle any rising reference to a competitor on time purchased by his sponsor.

Mr. Gray's account of the creation of General Mills itself and its history in the extraordinary quarter-century of the Great Depression, the New Deal, the Second World War, and atomic power takes up the next portion of his book and is marked by the same unreality as the early part. The last third of the work is a salaam to the corporation's avowed awareness of its responsibility to its workers, its customers, its shareholders, its Government, and "research."

Actually General Mills and the people who have headed it own a record worthy of the most serious analysis and have no apparent grounds for concern over what such an analysis might disclose. There is no point in blaming toilet water for not being perfume; Mr. Gray's example of business history has a nice scent, but it has no lasting qualities. It is too bad the corporation did not order something better.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 609

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 609 will be found in the next issue.

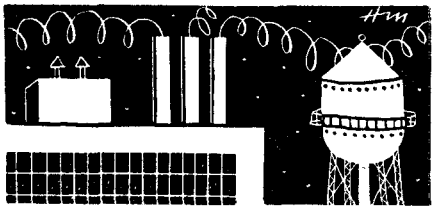
CPKJRLD OPDH LPJ

TVFLMD EDL; BJ RLEFHGH

JVDE. EED. LDTGDK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 608

Put not your trust in vinegar—
molasses catches flies.
—Eugene Field.



MR. TWYMAN'S history of Marshall Field up to the death of the founder in 1906 is a much more painstaking performance than Mr. Gray's and rather harder to read. Serious students of American business history will be in this author's debt for his detailed account of early Chicago retailing, for his analysis of Potter Palmer's success, and especially for his discussion of those characteristics of the saturnine Mr. Field which carried him to the head of his business. Marshall Field started out as a dry-goods wholesaler who reluctantly took on the retail side of the Potter Palmer business he bought out in 1865. For most of the next forty years wholesaling thrived as local merchants dotted the developing West and turned to the Chicago metropolis for goods and credit. As Chicago itself grew in population and above all in wealth, however, Marshall Field's line of the latest and best importations from Europe drew the carriage trade to his retail store. In the 1890s little Chicago girls were skipping rope to this doggerel:

All the girls who wear high heels
They trade down at Marshall Field's
All the girls who scrub the floor,
They trade at the Boston store.

Mr. Twyman's volume is the first of a projected two-volume history of Marshall Field. Perhaps the elegant store itself will undertake to make the resulting set physically more attractive than the present example of cramped type and clumsy format. If that could be arranged without impinging on the author's freedom company and public might look forward to a doubly valuable work if not a popular one.

I do not want to leave the impression that there have been no first-rate histories of American business firms. Two such histories of companies not altogether dissimilar to those under review come immediately to mind: Thomas C. Cochran's history of the Pabst Brewing Company, and al all Boris Emmet's and John E. Jeu "Catalogues and Counters, a Hist of Sears, Roebuck & Company." Th models leave all the less excuse General Mills.

Company histories have been p duced nowhere in such numbers in the United States in recent ye Perhaps this has been one of the pr ucts of the excess-profits tax wh will fall off with the end of that That would be unfortunate. The ma fest power of great corporations their own increasingly frequent sertions of their awareness of th social responsibility combine to m it salutary that the beam of "piti publicity" be focused upon them

Relations Excellent

TWO SIDES OF A PAYROLL WINDOW: E ployers, owners, employes, and ur managers are wide apart on lo range goals according to Alexan R. Heron, which makes it all the m imperative that all cooperate in wo ing out **"Reasonable Goals in In trial Relations"** (Stanford Univer Press, $3). Mr. Heron bluntly defi the divergent interests of these gro and advises that for the sake of h monious industrial relations it v o do well to stake out economic, soc and political boundaries in order minimize conflicts. As an indust consultant Mr. Heron has extens conference-table experience which converts into challenging and cont versial observations. Characteristic his views is the suggestion that "bu ness enterprise should avoid any tempt to mold the social thinking individual workers or individual m agers into that shape which mana ment thinks desirable. A busin enterprise has no responsibilities to the conscience of those people v work for it . . . or contribute to it investors." So-called economic edu tion, although essential, and simi indoctrination not directly related specific working relationships betw employer and employes fall into "touchy" category and become responsibility of employe groups, Mr. Heron sees it. On the question the wage-price see-saw he reje those formulas which claim that *whole* value resulting from increas productivity of the economy should redistributed in the form of wages; sees the need for channeling some the results of increased productiv into efforts to reduce costs of produc Although Mr. Heron's presentation repetitious and far from organized views have enough unorthodoxy stimulate "economic" thinking.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL

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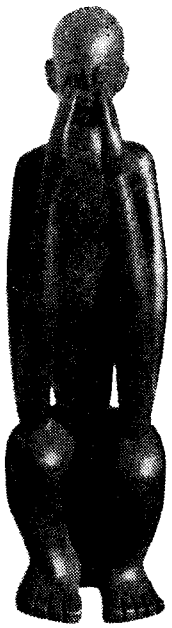
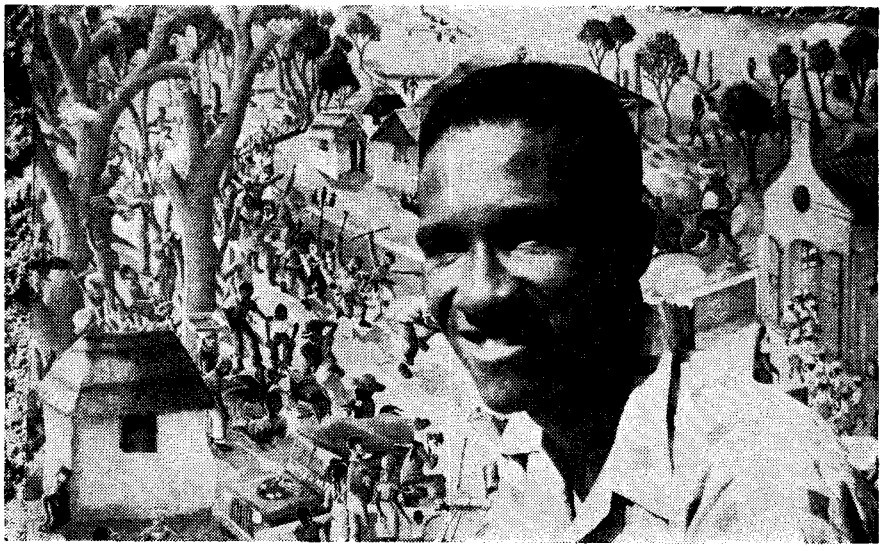


HAITI: *The Black Republic*

SELDEN RODMAN, who certainly gets around, has distilled his nine trips to Haiti into **"Haiti: The Black Republic"** (Devin-Adair, $5), 168 splendid pages of history and guide information about possibly the most arresting 11,000 square miles of our hemisphere. Not a subject has been bypassed: Columbus's discovery in 1492, the revolts of Toussaint L'Ouverture, Christophe, and Dessalines, the country's people, politics, and, of course, *vaudou* are discussed thoroughly, if briefly. At once a poet and art critic, Rodman, who played an admirable role in directing the magnificent murals in the Cathedral St.-Trinité in Port-au-Prince, does a particularly valuable service in chronicling the renaissance of art in the country. Altogether it's a book that should have been around a long time ago, but wasn't, and Rodman has done everyone, Haitians as well as Americans, a good turn by writing it. For the tourist there is a first-rate batch of information about what to see, where to go, what to eat, etc., that could have been assembled only by someone who knows Haiti inside out. Illustrated with forty-eight half-tone illustrations, some samples of which are reproduced on this page.

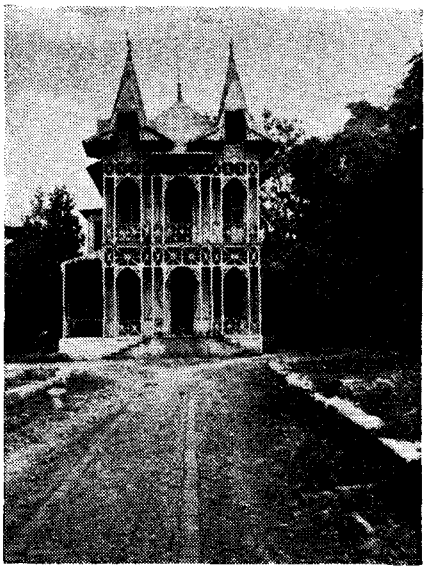
—BERNARD KALB.

Vaudou participant in "possession."



Wilson Bigaud paints haircuts, dice-games, cock-fights.

Haitian poets—"poetry is . . . a man's capacity to . . . reflect his world."



Port-au-Prince chateau.

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Individualists of Old Miss

***"Hallelujah, Mississippi," by Louis Cochran** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 240 pp. $3.50), contains the recollections, most of them fond, of a boyhood spent in the Deep South. Here it is reviewed by Hodding Carter, editor of the* Greenville [*Miss.*] Delta Democrat-Times, *whose most recent book is "Where Main Street Meets the River."*

By Hodding Carter

FOR me reading Louis Cochran's "Hallelujah, Mississippi" was like taking a drink of cold spring water on a drought-ridden July day. It's good to be reassured, if only in retrospect, by this tender, vivid, and, within its self-imposed limits, accurately delineated story of a Mississippi hill town and its people.

Hallelujah is not a true name, but all else is true in these sometimes humorous, sometimes idyllic, sometimes pathetic recollections of a Deep South community not long after the century's turn. Louis Cochran doesn't say that what he sets down is all of the truth. He is faithful reporter enough—and to spare—not to do that. What he is telling us is that part of the truth which his memory cherishes; and since most Southern writers and other writers about the Southern scene have so often kept to the seamy other side of the truth this is good reading for everyone who has questioned the monotonously one-sided erosion of place and people that is the hallmark of much that has been written about the South.

"Hallelujah, Mississippi" is first of all a book to smile with and remember with, often to admire with and sometimes to commiserate with. It concerns mostly that breed of men and women, as independent as hogs on ice, who preferred, and whose descendants largely still prefer, the small farm and the small-town citizen's individualism to a more ordered, orderly, and profitable existence.

But this is no sociologist's tract. Not often have back-country-bred and emancipated sons written more lovingly and convincingly and with less condescension than has Louis Cochran. Few have had as good a vantage point, the Green Country Store, which his teacher-turned-general merchant father ran so successfully. Even Macy's and Gimbel's might have learned from Cochran *père*, who knew people.

"When weighing up groceries," he told his clerks, "always hold back a little. . . . It pleases a customer to see the merchant add a little more to his purchase until the scales balance. But it makes him mad to see the merchant take anything out of the bag."

I don't know whether the chapter on the Green Country Store will be thought better by other readers than my favorite, which has to do with revivals. But never in the history of religion or what passes for it has there been as hilarious and sad a story as Brother McInnis's unsuccessful try at converting Old Sid, the unconvertible.

LOUIS COCHRAN is a tale-teller in the best hill tradition. He draws his stories out in the right places and cuts them off when and where they should be. The yarn of the itinerant printer, turned small-town editor, who couldn't escape his past is sure-fire drama; the reminiscences of the manless old maids of his boyhood have a sureness that avoids the maudlin.

And so on through a surprisingly wide range: The reasons why of the cotton tenant system, the nature of small-town lawyers and courts, the especial role of the country doctor, the daring young men of the community socials. You'll like the story of the rake who recited the poem about the little lass in the babbling brook, and the square-dance calls; and the recipes that will convince you that Southern cooking deserves a better place than the monstrously bad highway eateries have won for it.

Mr. Cochran deals lightly with Southern social problems, particularly those arising from racial differences, and this is probably just as well. Instead, he accents interracial friendliness, which is also a considerable part of the truth. He deals even more lightly with Southern political aberrations, and this is to be regretted, even though the little he has is sound.

But there is no quarrel to be found with or in this book, only delight and nostalgia and understanding. It deserves at least as much consideration as did the long-limbed, persevering, God-fearing, and very American people with whom it deals.

Atzerodt—"cowardly little man."

Abe's Last Hours

***"The Day Lincoln Was Shot," b Jim Bishop** (Harper. 305 pp. $3.75) tells in detail of the events leading u to the assassination of the President o April 14, 1865. Professor T. Harr Williams of Louisiana State University the reviewer, is the author of "Lincol and His Generals" and other book*

By T. Harry Williams

SOMEBODY has said that the pro ducing of books about Lincol has become a business, a big busines that supports, among other peopl authors, publishers, and book review ers. Whether business or scholarshi profitable or unprofitable, the writin of Lincoln books continues year afte year. Nor is there any sign of cessa tion. The subject seems inexhausti ble, fascinating to authors and read ers alike. We have single-volum biographies and multi-volume biog raphies and one-volume condensa tions of the plural works. Apparentl the "Lincoln and" theme will neve be mined out. Several years ago ther appeared a volume entitled "Lincol and California," which pointed th way to forty-seven other books. Now timed to celebrate Lincoln's 195 birthday in proper fashion, Harpe has offered Jim Bishop's book dealin with Lincoln's "last day," which ma mark a new road to countless books It looks like a good year.

"The Day Lincoln Was Shot" treat of two themes: (1) the activities o Lincoln and other people in the Gov ernment on April 14, 1865, and (2 John Wilkes Booth and his fellov conspirators in the plot to kill th

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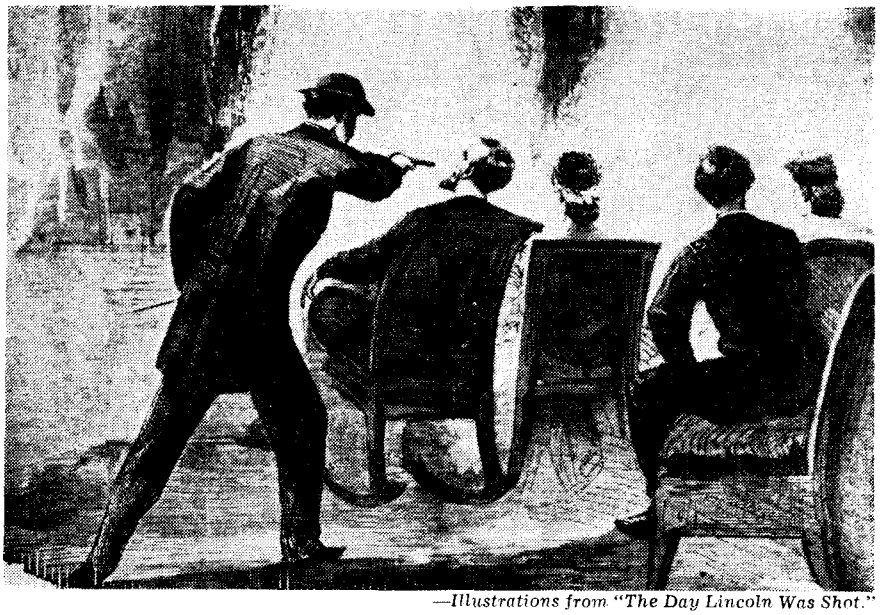

—Illustrations from "The Day Lincoln Was Shot."

The assassination—". . . one would like to think it could not happen now."

resident. Both themes, it should be oted, have been discussed by other 'riters, some of whom have gone into spects of the story more fully than Ir. Bishop does or have delved deeper ıto some sources than he has. The uthor and his publishers, to judge 'om his preface and their blurb, seem) be awed by the amount of research e had to perform. Although adequate. was certainly not excessive for a ook of this type. All of this is preminary to saying that in Mr. Bish-p's story there is little that is new. ttle that is not already known, but nown only to specialists of Americana.

THE details of the story—the plans f Booth, the missions he assigned to is confederates, the security measres taken to protect Lincoln, the tanled events preceding the tragic act t Ford's Theatre—these and other)pics have not been made familiar) the reading public. Never have they een presented so clearly and draıatically as they are in this book. 'hrough its distribution by the Book-f-the-Month Club thousands of ımericans are going to get, many of hem for the first time, an accurate icture of what happened on the ay and the night of April 14. Not nly does the author have a sprightly iterary style, but he has arranged ıis material in a unique manner, one hat no previous writer on the subect has employed. By describing what .incoln, Stanton, Booth, and others— vere doing at a given hour, and by onnecting their actions he creates a remendous tension.

Although Mr. Bishop has in a few ases taken the liberty of reconstructng conversations his account is genrally accurate and conforms to nown facts. The character sketches of Booth's colleagues, Paine, Atzerodt, and Herold, are shrewdly and vividly done. On the much-argued point of whether Booth intended Atzerodt to kill Vice President Johnson, or was merely using the cowardly little man to confuse the plot, the author believes that Booth wanted Johnson killed but decided at the last moment that Atzerodt lacked the nerve. In an attempt to incriminate the incoming President in his plot he wrote his famous card to Johnson asking for a conference. The explanation is plausible, although other experts would reject it.

The most astonishing feature of the whole assassination episode is the ease with which a crazy actor and his not-too-bright confederates duped the Government of the United States. They prepared a plot, executed it, and then, although the clues were plain to see, escaped detection for days. One would like to think that it could not happen now. It probably could not, because of improved security measures and more efficient police methods. The actions taken after the murder to apprehend the criminals were unbelievably inept. For this the nation could thank Secretary Stanton. Obsessed by the notion that some kind of armed uprising by Southern sympathizers in Washington was about to occur, he did almost nothing that he should have done and many things that he should not. Stanton did not act as he did because he had something to hide, as some people have suspected, but because he did not know any better. Without arguing the moot issue of whether Stanton was a great War Secretary, Mr. Bishop shows conclusively that when it came to playing detective he was a plain fool.

Mountain Music

"The Singing Family of the Cumberlands," by Jean Ritchie *(Oxford University Press, 282 pp. $4), is the story of a Kentucky mountain family told by the youngest of fourteen children. Oscar Brand, our reviewer, is the director of folklore and folkmusic for New York City's municipal radio station.*

By Oscar Brand

JEAN RITCHIE'S "The Singing Family" is a pleasant revelation of a world free from carbon monoxide, hydrogen bombs, and the dragging insecurity of everyday commerce. It is a reminder of the stability once inherent in those sturdy institutions the family and religious faith. But the Ritchies are no ordinary family, and their story makes for extraordinary and delightful reading.

There are forty-two songs in the book, woven through the narrative like the golden threads in some ancient tapestry. For the Ritchies are, indeed, a singing family. Ancestor James Ritchie migrated from England in 1768, bringing with him a legacy of favorite British folksongs which still provides the family's richest inheritance. Working the stubborn acres, washing sixteen sets of dishes and innumerable iron pots, stirring off molasses and milking the cows might mean drudgery for most farm families, but songs always lightened the mountain chores.

The remarkably gentle nature of the book seems even more remarkable when one considers its locale—the stern, rugged Cumberland Mountains, a stratified rock escarpment in the Appalachian Range. Seen through the gracious prose of Jean Ritchie, however, the cruel, forbidding mountains become kindly shields against the bustling outside world. "To stand on top of one of the narrow ridges is like balancing in one of the innermost petals of a gigantic rose from which you can see all around you the other petals falling away in wide rings to the horizon."

This same quiet wisdom prevades the story of the jolly mother, the white-haired patriarch of a father, and their fourteen children. When there is a moment of violence it seems more frightening in the placid setting. Balis Ritchie canes his seven-year-old daughter into a mass of red welts, wearing out seven apple tree switches and a rose briar on the grubby little towhead. But the grubby

(*Continued on page* 43)

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The Saturday Review

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Are We Men or Murderers?

SOMETHING happened not long ago that made no headlines and was hardly even reported. In fact, it was all but lost in the flurry over Formosa. But it was as important as any single event in the past ten years. What happened was that the United States Government quietly repudiated its historic position under which heads of enemy governments at the end of the last war were killed or punished for the crime of war. Without benefit of national debate or a vote of Congress or even an explanation to the American people, the United States reversed itself on the principle of world law under which we had earlier declared that not nations but individuals make war and are therefore to be held accountable for war.

Before fixing our gaze on the incredible historic liability we have just incurred, let us review the background. Almost as significant as victory itself in World War II was the proclamation of a new principle, investing sovereignty in the community of nations as a whole. Under this principle it was decreed that war was a crime by individuals against the world community. Accordingly, eminent jurists from the victorious nations came together in a Four-Power Tribunal to define the principles of world law under which individuals were to be tried. Hundreds of political and military leaders from the Axis powers were arraigned, tried, sentenced, and punished. The indictment drawn up against the inner Nazi circle, for example, charged twenty-two men with (1) participating in a conspiracy to commit crime against the peace and against humanity, (2) planning and executing a war of aggression, (3) violating the rules of warfare by mistreatment of civilians and prisoners of war, (4) murdering and enslaving people because of race, religion, or political belief.

The Tribunal condemned twelve high-ranking Nazis to death by hanging. Seven were sentenced to long prison terms; three were set free. Subsequently, acting under these precedents, and with prosecutors from the Allied nations, other trials were held. The final score was 456 death sentences and 1,112 convictions with lesser penalties. In Japan, acting under the same legal sanctions, the United States tried twenty-eight Japanese war leaders, executing seven and imprisoning eighteen.

Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson, who headed the American staff of jurists participating in the Nuremberg trials, made it clear that this country was not using the forms of legality as a cloak for vengeance. Even though there was no government of the whole to represent the human community, the community existed and possessed certain basic rights. When these rights were violated it became the responsibility of that community not only to protect itself but to invoke the mechanism of legality at its disposal against the criminals. Individuals who operated or governed aggressive nations could not escape responsibility by pretending to be merely the agents of those nations. Their decisions were the ones that led to the crimes.

Seldom in human history had there been anything as epochal as the definition and application of these principles. In essence, they laid down the basis for world law. They also made implicit the need to create a constitutional basis for the community of nations in order to enable it to deal with world criminals *before* and not *after* the damage was done. In any event, we had made certain specific commitments to basic legal and moral principle from which we could not depart without becoming world criminals ourselves. For if the decision that were to send more than a thousand human beings to their death were to be undone, we would stand condemned under the very statutes we invoked to condemn others.

To repeat, the big challenge after the Nuremberg trials was to incorporate its basic provisions into the Charter and structure of the United Nations, which was vested with the responsibility for keeping world law and order. This meant that the Nuremberg principles would have to be codified and given the full machinery of implementation. Since aggression did not disappear with the end of World War II and since, indeed, it became essential to create within the shortest possible time the adequate means to safeguard world peace, the principles of the Nuremberg Trials offered a magnificently prepared ground on which to build. If a human community did in fact exist, and if there were threats to that community then Nuremberg represented both mandate and a fixed need.

However, the work of drafting a code based on the Nuremberg principles went slowly in the councils of the United Nations. Finally, the issue recently came before the General Assembly of the United Nations and a preliminary decision had to be made. It was at this point that the United States opposed the arguments of the representative from the Netherlands. On November 17, 1954, Charles Mahoney, U.S. Representative, explained the American position. There was nothing ambiguous about our statement, nothing which would enable us to avoid the condemnation of history. What we said, in so many words, was that the United States Government did not wish to subject its citizens to "those regular and continuing processes of investigation, prosecution, and trial by international agencies which would be necessary for real enforcement of an international criminal code." We also said officially that "the project for a code of crimes under international law is today's world is impractical and inappropriate."

Impractical? Is it more practical

(*Continued on page* 36)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

;H QUALITY

: Friends of Albert Schweitzer in ston thank you collectively for the rvelous edition of your magazine ıoring Dr. Schweitzer's eightieth birth- / [*SR* Jan. 15]. Allow me to thank you 'sonally for the wonderful coverage.

Miriam Rogers.

Brookline, Mass.

NXSUTAWNEY GROUNDHOG

ur February calendar [*SR* Jan. 1] ries this notation for the second day, round Hog Day, Quarryville, Pa." st, let me point out that the groundhog ın animal in its own right, not, as your ɔellation indicates, ground hog, which uld make it sausage. Incidentally, a al plant turns out the best sausage ɔduct in the land, which has nothing do with the groundhog. It is in fact ɔund hog.

n the early Eighties Punxsutawney was ablished as the Groundhog Capital of : world. Here the savants and the pun- s come every February 2 to commune th the Punxsutawney Groundhog, Seer

Seers and weather prognosticator :raordinary. His infallible forecast February 2 determines the weather m Boston to Beersheba, and from Ken- ıa to Kamchatka and back, for the :ceeding six weeks. A few years ago :arryville, Pennsylvania, began its ntic effort to edge into the penumbra the true groundhog's shadow, with no :cess. Confidentially, the Punxsutawney oundhog Club on one occasion sent its :ather scouts to Quarryville and found ıt the misguided folks of that village :re relying upon a senile polecat for :ir forecast—which explains the odor ıanating from that benighted section our fair state.

And you'd better hurry up and recant :t on next February 2 the Seer of Gob- :rs Knob drops a gob of snow down the ck of your necks that will keep you est 45th Streeters shoveling until July 4.

P. L. Smith.

Punxsutawney, Pa.

ɔCONY-VACUUM AND FREEDOM

stribution of the Socony-Vacuum mphlet "So You Want a Better Job" which Senator Fulbright referred The Mummification of Opinion," *SR* :b. 12] was discontinued late last fall ter a Princeton student, writing in a ıblication of the university, viewed in ı entirely unintended light a passage ɔm it. The pamphlet had been in cir- ılation for seven years without anyone, our knowledge, taking exception to ıy portion of it, until the Princeton udent's comment was brought to our tention. It is true that the paragraph, hen read without regard to the rest of ıe pamphlet, might be subject to the terpretation he made. Since this inter- :etation was contrary to our intentions ıd beliefs we revised the paragraph.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"Now that poor Count Cadillac has gone back to France his name will soon be forgotten around this Detroit wilderness."

Those who called the passage to our attention were promptly advised that a revision was in progress; that the original version sought simply to convey the thought that personal feelings on a number of subjects extraneous to the job could, when expressed with too much vehemence and ridicule, impair good working relationships; and that Socony-Vacuum emphatically does not wish to limit freedom of thought or expression on any subject. On the contrary, people who are accustomed to thinking for themselves (regardless of their conclusions) are essential to this company's continual progress in one of the most competitive industries in America today.

As soon as we saw reports of Senator Fulbright's speech, in which he referred to Socony-Vacuum, we wrote to give him all the facts in the case and to inform him of the new version of the paragraph in question in the revised edition of the booklet. It now says what we mean and quite clearly, we think. To quote:

> You may have strong views about a lot of things, including religion, politics, economics, business affairs. That's fine. The world needs different viewpoints; blind conformity is stagnation. You won't get far unless you think for yourself. But personal views, if advanced with vehemence, bitterness, or ridicule, can complicate your relationships with your fellow-workers. Good relationships share with energy and ability as aids to winning promotions. Furthermore, there's a time and place for everything. Ask yourself whether you would pay a man to debate during working hours on matters far removed from the work in hand.

Incidentally, this pamphlet was designed to help young people already employed in business. It does not attempt to advise students "how they should behave in college," as Senator Fulbright apparently thought. Since it reflects in larger measure the views of Socony-Vacuum on the place of the individual in corporate society I would like to quote briefly from a talk made about a year-and-a-half ago by Albert L. Nickerson, a vice president and director of this company, the condensation of which was reprinted in *SR* Nov. 21, 1953.

> Now, for the first time in history, we can have a high standard of culture based not on exploitation of human beings but rather on exploitation of machines and the production of mechanical horsepower, with a consequent elevation of human dignity. We are enjoying the fruits of many years of freedom. Our achievements are those of free men in a free society increasingly enlightened by a rapidly-developing free educational system, and able to attain our individual capacities in a free-enterprise economy. We have much to be thankful for and much that we must be alert to defend . . . Our business system, indeed our whole scheme of contemporary American life, requires the education of young men and women of moral stamina who can think and who can discriminate among values . . .

We hope you will agree that such value as there may be in referring to our policy attaches to what we really intend rather than to a misconstruction of our intention.

C. F. Beatty,
Socony-Vacuum Oil Company.

New York, N. Y.

Editor's Note: *The "objectionable" paragraph, since revised, in the Socony-Vacuum pamphlet "So You Want a Better Job" included the following statement: "Personal views can cause a lot of trouble. Remember, then, to keep them always conservative. The 'isms' are out. Business being what it is, it naturally looks with disfavor on the wild-eyed radical or even the moderate pink. On the other hand, I think you will find very few business organizations who will attempt to dictate the political party of their employes."*

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Petty Larceny

"Thieves' Carnival" is one of the least interesting plays that Jean Anouilh ever wrote. Composed at the age of twenty-two, it was an admitted attempt to write something for "the boulevard theatre." And it's ironic that this bit of fluff should receive a critical accolade previously denied to some of his more substantial efforts. Except for a *commedia dell'arte* clarinettist who becomes such a pretentious bore that a line dismissing him as such gets the heartiest laugh of the show, "Thieves' Carnival" seldom presents any concept that requires an audience-effort. To liven up her stay on the Riviera a bored English lady concocts an intrigue in which three thieves are accepted as Spanish nobility.

As produced at the Cherry Lane Theatre by Proscenium Productions, the comedy is a tedious lark that doesn't come to life until well past the halfway mark. Then, aided by Tom Bosley's droll performance as a young man overdependent on "Dad," there is some delightful spoofing of the rich similar to Sandy Wilson's gentle satire in "The Boy Friend."

The most profound thought in "Thieves' Carnival" comes at the end, when Lady Hurf says, "It is only for those who have played it with all their youth that the comedy has been successful . . . they didn't even perceive that it was a comedy." The latter recalls a quip from the recent musical "Plain and Fancy" that comes after a man has admired the youthful look of an Amish girl. The man's middle-aged girl-friend replies, "At twenty-two, what's the trick?" M. Anouilh, now forty-four, might well look at the off-Broadway success of "Thieves' Carnival" and make the same comment.

If one were to seek a perfect example of American enlightened insensitivity applied to theatre art one could do no better than to choose **"The Wisteria Trees"** revived last week at New York's City Center. Here that energetic and gifted director and adapter Joshua Logan has selected a foreign masterpiece, Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," as timber for his Broadway buzz-saw.

Let us grant Mr. Logan good intentions when he transposes the work to the post-Civil-War South. And let us grant him a thorough knowledge of Chekhov and all that's involved in producing good theatre. What then is the missing balance-wheel in thi fertile brain that permits him to em brace whatever is momentarily ef fective as more valuable than th integrity of a whole work? Is it in dividual tastelessness, or is it a essential concomitant of an America "bigger and better" approach tha permits 1) the "improving" of the plo of a play whose virtue was that i had almost none; 2) the ascribing o conscious motives to characters whos virtue was that they all behaved i helpless but poetic desperation; an 3) the making into a series of visibl artificial scenes and jokes what wa more real than life itself?

Just the talents that made Hele Hayes the ideal actress for "What Ever Woman Knows" make her wron for "The Wisteria Trees." There ar an inextinguishable canniness and in telligence about Miss Hayes that mak you feel that she would have solve the Wisteria Plantation's problems te minutes after her first entrance. I fact, when she is proposed to by tur keyneck Yancey Loper the playwrigh himself capitulates to her mental agil ity by allowing her to opine that onl by turning down this marriage pro posal and abandoning the trees to hi hatchet can the aristocratic principle the trees represent survive. Havin just seen the superb Barrault-Re naud production of "The Cherry Or chard" in Paris, I am glad to be abl to report that Chekhov's play is likel to survive.

"The Southwest Corner" is the sunn part of one's house where old folk hope to live out their lives while rent ing the remainder to congenial young people. In converting Mildred Walk er's quiet novel of that name into a comedy John Cecil Holm has filled in the two subordinate characters t such an extent that the play becomes a new story in which the more back ward element of rural living is stacked against the same in suburban exist ence. Thus, Eva Le Gallienne as the well-bred octogenarian becomes the straight man for Parker Fennelly, who plays the laconic hired man; Enid Markey portrays the selfish unthink ing glowworm of a woman infected with all the more horrible benefits of modern living. While Mr. Holm has preserved some of the beauty of the original, his play adds up to a pleas ant and unimportant little comedy on an unpleasant and important sub ject.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Time for Sergeants

WHICH would you say would make the more effective story about professional soldiering—a frankly sentimental salute to duty, tradition, and enduring marriage, or a brawling, wenching saga of the hard-fighting, hard-loving United States Marines? Before you respond to this important question direct your attention to **"The Long Gray Line"** (Columbia) and **"Battle Cry"** (Warner Brothers). The first is a four-handkerchief movie about West Point which will catch the throat, touch the heart, and inundate the eyes of the nation. The second is a gauche and obvious Marine hymn which manages to make tedious many of the spicier facts of life.

For the first of these films—how sergeants turn boys into men—John Ford has taken his cameras to West Point to record the story of Marty Maher as it was narrated in the book "Bringing Up the Brass." Ford has affectionately observed that there is almost mystical emotional quality about a place where young men prepare for the dedication and danger of a professional soldier's life. Such locales are hallowed, like old battlefields and military cemeteries. Out of the great parade-ground and the enormous mess hall, out of the serious young faces in the choir and the black ribbons laid against pages in old yearbooks, the director has created the sense of a youth-haunted seminary of battles.

Against this background are played out two major stories and a number of minor incidents. The first is the long love affair of Marty Maher (Tyrone Power) and his wife (Maureen O'Hara) with each other and with the Academy. This includes a touching passage about a baby boy born and lost to the Mahers, no less effective because it seems to have been invented out of whole cloth by screenwriter Edward Hope.

The second story woven through the picture concerns Kitty Carter (Betsy Palmer), a pretty thing who tutors a football-playing cadet, marries him, loses him in World War I, and then sees her child, grown up to become a cadet during World War II, face his own crisis of duty to the West Point tradition.

Ford has not been able to resist a that-man-was piece of trickery. That-man-was is a story device in which a tale is told with the identity of the hero (the favorites are Abraham Lincoln and Napoleon) concealed until the end. In "Long Gray Line" the story is told about a cheerful, round-faced, prematurely-balding cadet (Harry Carey, Jr.) who values Maher's friendship and hair-restoring salve so highly that he helps keep the old boy from going off the deep end after the baby dies. The punchline is revealed on graduation day, when the cadet gets his diploma. Anybody who didn't guess that man was Dwight D. Eisenhower will be required to read the collected works of Bill "That-Man-Was" Stern.

Columbia has given John Ford a fine company for the film. Tyrone Power, whose physical beauty long concealed an honest acting talent, plays the locker-room Mr. Chips in ingratiating style, Maureen O'Hara is a delight in color as his red-haired colleen, and Betsy Palmer, now brightening the Broadway comedy "Grand Prize," makes a stunning debut as a girl who finds that a friendship formed in trigonometry can lead to more complicated things.

This may seem at times like an over-long gray line, but its sentimental appreciation of love and duty will wring tears from everyone in the theatre but the cashier.

ONE hears so often that a film doesn't do justice to the book from which it was taken. Warner Brothers tried to avoid this charge by hiring Leon M. Uris, the author of "Battle Cry," to write the story for the screen and now nobody can complain, for the film is precisely as lurid, meticulously as trite, loyally as derivative, exactly as jejune as the "big novel of marines at war" from which it was taken.

Again, we have the old sergeant with the chore of turning striplings into fighting men, although in this instance it would appear that his first instruction should have been in the popular arts of preventive hygiene. There are at least four scenes between men and women in the film which end with those mysterious dissolves the motion-pictures substitute for a row of asterisks. There is one adultery, one youthful indiscretion quickly sanctified, one illegitimacy later made legitimate, and any number of incidental grapplings. There has been one small bit of bowdlerizing. In the book the sensitive, short-

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story-writing Marine strikes up a friendship with a sympathetic girl on a ferryboat and then is dismayed to see her in the arms of a patron at her regular place of business. In the film she runs screaming gaily into a bar, throws herself into the arms of a nearby Marine, and gives him a big kiss on the mouth. I must say I regarded this as behavior so unladylike as to be a detriment to trade even in wartime San Diego.

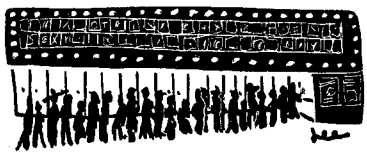
In the company Van Heflin as the rough commander, James Whitmore as the veteran sergeant, and Aldo Ray as a husky-voiced ex-lumberjack manage to deliver credible performances. The girls, Mona Freeman, Nancy Olsen, Dorothy Malone, and Anne Francis, had the good taste to appear somewhat embarrassed throughout.

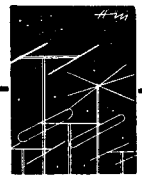
"The Racers" (Twentieth Century-Fox) is another of those films which deliver breathtaking colored photos of Italy and other European beauty-spots, and little more. In making a film about racing-car drivers and the lovely women who count the laps a major problem is that automobile races are not essentially competitions among men, but long, repetitious grinds involving such matters as time, terrain, and the fatigue points of metal parts. As a sport it generates excitement only when someone has just been or is about to be killed.

A special problem of "The Racers" is that Kirk Douglas, as a success-hungry killer of the road, and Bella Darvi, as a driver-bewitched ballerina, do not manage to suggest the slightly mad dedication to the world of speed which is the central drama of the film. Although readers of this space may have observed I am partial to girls, I do not receive Bella Darvi's transmissions. Douglas is closer to the abandoned ideal, but he is limited by the fact that portraying a racing driver requires the actor to spend a lot of time holding a steering wheel and pretending to be driving, a trick which my two-and-a-half-year-old son performs with ease.

One significant contribution to the film-making art should be noted. Gilbert Roland is in the picture, cast as a devil-may-care racing-car driver, and he doesn't even get killed, only severely wounded. One of these days a director will let Roland get to the end unscratched, and win himself at least an Academy Award.

—Lee Rogow.





TV AND RADIO

College Secrets

FOUR years of preparatory research and half-a-million dollars devoted to a series of twenty-six half-hour television programs may not impress today's sophisticated viewer, accustomed to this much treasure lavished on a single two-hour spectacular. But the statistic assumes more significance when one learns that energy as well as *valutta* went into the production of "The Search" series on CBS.

"The Search" made its bow on Sunday, October 17, 1954, and is currently being screened every Sunday between 4:30 and 5:00 P.M., EST. Each episode represents another research project presently under way at leading universities throughout the United States. All are sufficiently advanced, and the judgments sufficiently matured, so that they are ready for at least this much publicity.

Every half-hour program is filmed on location with the scientists, the students, the professors, and their assistants playing themselves. With the exception of Charles Romine, narrator, who provides the continuity, and CBS newsmen (among them Eric Sevareid and Walter Cronkite) acting as on-the-spot reporters there are no professional actors employed in "The Search"—and herein lies one of the elements which contribute to its power and impact.

Producer Irving Gitlin and associate producer Steve Fleischman have succeeded to a remarkable extent in preserving the drama of real-life situations in "The Search." A brilliant combination of camera-skill and film-editing imparts to these documentaries a new dimension, opening new vistas for the as yet largely unexplored field of "educational television."

The new methods of helping marriage partners who are in danger of separation or divorce provide the theme for one typical episode in the series—this one filmed at the University of Pennsylvania and centering around the Philadelphia Marriage Council. Seeking an answer to the question "how can people who are concerned about their marriage receive help" "The Search" drops in for a call on Dr. Emily Mudd, assistant professor in the psychiatry department of the University's School of Medicine, and also director of the Marriage Council.

The visit opens with an excerpt from a marriage-counseling session, instantly awakening the viewer's interest in the plight of one couple The camera moves in on Professo Mudd, who is explaining to narrato Romine how the Marriage Counci functions. Mother-in-law problems t those of the career wife, from sexua maladjustment to infidelity, are tersel dramatized in the sequences whic follow in this remarkable film.

The tape-recorded excerpts fron actual clinic sessions (done with th approval of the clients) are punc tuated with the commentary of Dr Mudd, who points up the crying nee for "appreciation of what marriag actually is."

The camera dissolves to a grou of high-school-age boys and girls wh are asked what kind of partners the seek in marriage. The boy wants "a real chick, a cool kid good for som fun, not the housekeeping type tha fusses about furniture." The girl want "someone who's tall . . . dark . . handsome . . . and of course fabu lously rich . . . someone who wear soft tweeds and is a sharp dancer."

The Marriage Council tries to hel these young people determine thei real needs and feelings, then "hel them modify these with some meas ure of satisfaction to themselves an others." Dr. Mudd explains the clinic' "marriage adjustment schedule," con sisting of a series of leading ques tions put to each partner in the mar riage, then explains what the clini tries to achieve in a series of inter views—explains how the counselo sheds understanding on a conflict i which two people are too involve to perceive themselves. The film ex plains how marriage counselor themselves are trained for their work points up the role of the family i democracy, discusses and analyze the problem of "working wives."

The Philadelphia Marriage Council, with its practical program fo happy marriages, is only one of "The Search" series. There is a vast range of projects already completed and ready for presentation covering such subjects as research into child development at Dr. Milton Senn's Child Study Center at Yale (already televised); the field experiments of Cornell University's Transportation Safety Research projects; a preview, from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, of the "Second Industrial Revolution" heralded by the growing use of automatons and robots—machines with the powers of vision, hearing, chemical senses, and "brains" all their

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wn [*SR* Jan. 22]. Told to the Sunday fternoon viewers a few Sundays ago Jan. 30) was the account of the ay-to-day struggle of a paraplegic ar veteran fighting for rehabilitaon. French Army Sergeant Rayond Wegscheider, wounded three mes in twenty days in the Heartreak Ridge action in the Korean war, had suffered a severed pine. Wegscheider was awarded the ighest military honors of France, he Croix de Guerre, the Medaille Militaire, and the American Silver tar. Friends brought him to the Jnited States, where the camera folows him while he prepares for the iltboard—which gradually allows him o assume an erect position for the irst time in two-and-one-half years.

Viewers are privileged to see and ear the critical steps during months f grueling work while Wegscheider earns to stand, to walk, to climb tairs, to sit in a wheelchair, and inally—the most wondrous blessing f all—the business of getting a cup f water from a cooler without assistance! A remarkable, tremendously noving drama, this.

THE projects, superlatively interesting, superbly selected, move up and down the gamut of human activity, touching upon every human emotion ike the notes in a scale. There is a study (already televised) of San Quentin prison in cooperation with he University of California (Berkeley) which seeks to show what prison life does to a man.

There is the study of beef-cattle development (already televised) made with the cooperation of the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, which reveals how a little-noticed scientific discovery brought about a revolution in the cattle industry. The discovery permits ranchers to select from the herd the immature bull who will sire the biggest, best offspring.

Hitherto the American university has tended to function in a hushed land from which the only news was yielded up by football coaches and wild, sporadic Congressional investigators. All the while, by means of foundations and endowments and traditions, individual universities are developing special interests—and special groups of universities special programs—which will, when eventually translated into practice, alter most of the basic habits of the American society. "The Search" gives us a glimpse into these corners of academic discipline and enterprise which is beyond the powers of the newspaper, more dramatic than a department-report, and more universal than a seminar—a triumph of TV operation.

—Arthur Settel.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Cantelli Does Verdi

GUIDO CANTELLI closed out the first phase of his year's work with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra with close to the best if not the best performance he has given here—a sizably conceived, vigorously presented version of Verdi's "Requiem." Despite a decidedly variable vocal quartet and a Westminster Choir which, at 150 voices, was too numerous and paradoxically not rich-sounding enough, it was a demonstration of capacity which spoke well for Cantelli's future.

It was, to be sure, well short of the complete statement of the music in this score, though if he could deliver that at thirty-five what challenge would he face at seventy? Let us, rather, admire the ground plan and aural image that animated Cantelli in his striving for Verdian justice. His tempi were soundly chosen if not always unfailingly maintained: slow sections tended to become slower, and the fast ones sometimes became skittish, like unruly horses. The sound he produced from the orchestra was a lean one, perhaps too much so; but it had focus and good balance, an incisive rhythmic thrust, a just relation of elements.

Memory does not recall a vocal work on this scale previously ventured here by Cantelli, but the indications were clear that it is an area in which he operates naturally and effectively. So far as the solo quartet was concerned—and it is a truism that, given as much music as Verdi required them to sing in this score, they can make or break a performance of it—this one did not always match style with voice and vice versa. Perhaps the most beautiful sound of the four belonged to its tenor, Richard Tucker, but it is rather thick for the rarified presentiments of "Ingemisco," and does not soar as the pronouncements of "Hostias" require. In addition, Tucker, earnest and admirable artist that he is, has absorbed the mannerisms of Italian operatic art at second hand, and that results, inevitably, in some excesses and gaffs that marred his total achievement. Hines has all the vocal equipment to make a memorable effect in this score, but he, too, must simulate the manner—a requirement in which he is not yet sufficiently practised for the best results. Herva Nelli's comprehension of the part (given the controlling influence of Toscanini) is an established fact, but the strain of the operatic work she has recently been doing at the Met has left the voice unsteady for this music. No fault could be found with the intentions of the mezzo, Claramae Turner; her accomplishment, however, was limited by a shorter, less vibrant instrument than Verdi wrote for, a paler projection than the "Liber scriptus" and "Lux aeterna" must have if the ends of musical justice are to be served.

In sum, this undertaking gave a measure of Cantelli's musicianship that many another older conductor might have prudently avoided. Nevertheless, in choosing to be measured against ultimate standards—the most recent interpreters of this work here have been Toscanini and Walter—Cantelli ventured boldly, and to his essential credit. Every new performance of Verdi's "Requiem" teaches us something fresh about this imperious demonstration of creative will-power. I have no doubt this one will produce in Cantelli—say a decade hence—an interpreter able to translate its language both in letter and spirit.

A DIRECTORIAL profile of another sort was presented by England's Sir Malcolm Sargent, making his New York debut as conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra in a typical program of Vaughan Williams (overture to "The Wasps"), Handel ("Royal Fireworks Music" as arranged by Harty), Britten (Variations on a Theme of Purcell), and Sibelius (Symphony No. 2). If one can imagine Raymond Massey transformed into a symphony conductor and immaculately tailored, back (most important!) and front, one would have a reasonable likeness of Sir Malcolm on the podium.

Considering innumerable impressions of Sargent as a conductor of recordings—generally good, sometimes excellent, rarely exciting—it was interesting to observe him in the heat of artistic endeavor, generating no little rise in the interior temperature of Carnegie Hall. Perhaps it was the influence of the practically peerless orchestra, but he seemed to be having the time of his life making fat sounds out of the Handel. The good

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British reserve was, obviously, parked elsewhere for the evening. He also did a staunch Sibelius.

Between and around this concert in Carnegie it was possible to hear a representative share of a Metropolitan "Figaro," in which Lucine Amara appeared for the first time as the Countess. A considerable forward step for this capable young artist, it was one which she made with both feet firmly planted. Her "Porgi Amor" had striking amplitude and vocal control, carrying to the rear of the house easily enough. She also had the technical detail of the ensemble ending Act II under control, though more elegant appearance, a greater dramatic composure, and subtler variations in vocal color will be expected as she gains acquaintance with the part. In the same cast Margaret Roggero ventured her first Cherubino, but with a vocal unsteadiness ("Voi che sapete" was painfully flat) to suggest it was not yet for her.

—Irving Kolodin.

* * *

There was only one seat to be had in Carnegie Hall the other night. It was the piano stool, and it was Walter Gieseking who walked across the packed stage to occupy it and to perform an all-Debussy program. From the first note of the "Suite Bergamasque" through "Poissons d'or," "Reflets dans l'eau," the "Children's Corner," and other items, right to the fourth encore ("General Lavine"), it was an evening of magic. After a recital of this caliber few of the many musicians present would challenge the publisher's right to print on the music, "Private Property of Walter Gieseking. No Trespassing!"

In the music of French Impressionism and when he is in top form Gieseking stands alone. At this concert—in "Danse," "La Cathédrale," and "The Snow Is Dancing"—Gieseking actually surpassed Gieseking. Throughout he evoked excitement, transparency, and movement. Occasionally he would choose to hold his audience hypnotically suspended through an ethereal pianissimo or a section of tremulous repose.

With endless refinements of touch and pedaling, one phrase grew out of another. Climaxes developed with the inevitable force and upward sweep which stamp the musician and the architectural master. Each piece emerged with individuality and spontaneity as the artist lived in the very sounds he was creating. He painted, so to speak, with fingers dipped in the hues of Degas, Renoir, Manet, Monet, and Bonnard. The sum was a tableau of rare beauty, color, and poetry.

—Abram Chasins.

NEW EDITIONS

Chinese Courting

ANYONE who is looking for an exotic adventure in the world of fiction may find it in "The Golden Lotus," Clement Egerton's translation of the Chinese novel "Chin P'Ing Mei," recently reprinted in four volumes in England, and imported to the United States by the Grove Press ($17.50). This extraordinary book, probably written in the middle of the sixteenth century, plunges the reader into the midst of Chinese society as it existed during the first quarter of the twelfth century, under the Sung Dynasty, when official corruption was rampant and political chaos imminent. It records the amorous exploits and grisly end of a wealthy merchant whose virility matched that of the Indian prince of whom Theophrastus spoke, referred to by Rabelais, and the criminal exploits and ghastly death of Golden Lotus, the merchant's Fifth Lady, a character who would find herself at home in the bloodiest of Elizabethan dramas. It records much besides, with a wealth of detail that makes the pages bustle with life; much that will seem strange to today's readers, and much that will seem strangely familiar to them. The men and women of the atomic age and the men and women of the Sung Dynasty are, it would appear, brothers and sisters under the skin. Dr. Kinsey would perhaps have found an even richer mine to work in twelfth-century China than he has found in our own time, and Mickey Spillane must salute the author of "The Golden Lotus" as his superior in the twin provinces of sex and sadism.

That "The Golden Lotus" is pornographic in parts can hardly be denied; but its pornography is only a fraction of a whole that is—as Mr. Egerton insists, quoting Laufer—"as little unmoral as any work of Zola or Ibsen, and like them a work of art from the hand of a master who well understands his fellow men, who depicts them with their passions, as they are and not as . . . they ought to be." Indeed, the moral message of the novel could hardly be more explicit. Hsi-Men is finally consumed by the fires of his own lust; the black heart of Golden Lotus is literally torn from her faithless breast by an avenging hand; and the virtue of the Moon Lady triumphs. Much that appears artless at first glance will, in retrospect, be recognized as artful. The narrative is disorderly in its tempo and proportions, but it gradually achieves a tragic sweep and force as it moves to its climax; it is marked by countless fine characte strokes; and in the course of the storytelling much ancient, enduring wisdom is epigrammatically expressed. Perhaps possible purchasers of this rather expensive piece of fiction should be warned that although it is advertised as "complete and unexpurgated"—and so it is, in truth—a good many passages have been translated into Latin rather than English. As a result there will be some disappointed buyers. Luckily however, pornographic Latin is the easiest Latin in the world to read.

The Grove Press has also recently published "Sut Lovingood" ($4), edited with an introduction by Brom Weber, a collection of tales by George Washington Harris, the Southwestern frontier humorist whose fame lingers faintly on, and echoes of whose work still survive in the stories of distant literary descendants. In this edition Mr. Weber, probably wisely, has performed a simplifying operation on Harris's difficult dialect and wilful misspellings.

Selections from the writings of a more famous humorist than Harris, with dialect and misspellings all intact, will be found in "Mr. Dooley: Now and Forever," created by Finley Peter Dunne, selected with commentary and introduction by Louis Filler (Academic Reprints, Stanford, California, $3.75). It is pleasant to see a very old friend back in print, but it is probable that Mr. Dooley's politics and social attitudes will strike a new generation of readers as not only humorous, but as odd, and sometimes offensive.

A considerably more important Academic Reprint than "Mr. Dooley"—and one that I wish I had space to write about, instead of merely recommending it—is Veblen's "The Higher Learning in America" ($4), still vital after almost forty years, with a shrewd introduction by David Riesman.

New Modern Library example of *multum in parvo*: "The Rhetoric and Poetics of Aristotle" ($1.45), with introduction and notes by Friedrich Solmsen.

—Ben Ray Redman.

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THE 3-D CLASSROOM

By JOHN HAVERSTICK

TO MADISON Square Garden in New York City last summer, where they gathered from every state of the nation, came a group of sober-faced, serious-minded (and often middle-aged) men and women. There they gazed at a spectacle, the likes of which have rarely been seen before, asked questions and listened to the answers, sometimes a little unbelievingly, sometimes a little amused. For these were the country's schoolteachers, members of the National Education Association, come to get a glimpse of their own teaching future. There were displays of new and brightly illustrated textbooks, new chalkboards, and new gadgets. But of them all none interested—and amazed—the teachers more than did the mechanism-crowded, acoustically-perfect 3-D schoolroom of tomorrow, a display room whose purpose was to arrange all the most modern audio-visual tools of teaching into some sort of workable order.

This is a phenomenon which educators consider of the highest importance these days because they have discovered that 80 to 90 per cent of a child's total recall is visual. And in setting up their room the exhibitors outdid themselves, as is shown by artist Doug Anderson's somewhat imaginative sketch above. For they brought together into one class-

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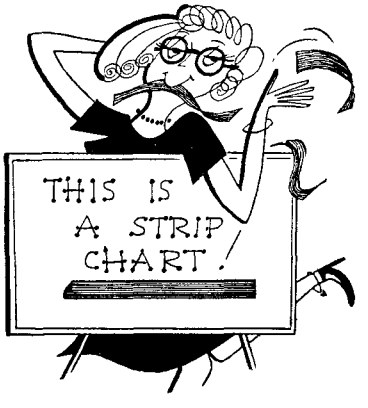
room a series of magnetized bulletin boards and illuminated glass globes (on which the children can draw their own conceptions of the earth's surface), a collection of rotating spindle racks (shown in the lower right-hand corner of drawing on page 29) and collapsible bulletin boards that run through the room like a staggered fence. They had also installed a very modern TV set and some highly provocative charts of two different types, the one known as a flip chart and the other as a strip-tease chart. In the first of these the teacher flips over pages rapidly, thereby interesting his pupils. In the second he unmasks one line of words at a time, thereby keeping students entranced.

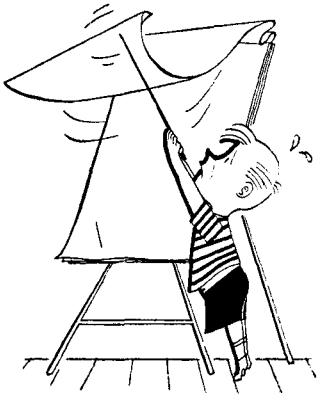
There were, of course, the older and more ordinary tools of teaching, such as films and film strips (with their appropriate projectors), radios, and the ubiquitous textbooks. But these were far outweighed by the plethora of new materials. There were magnetic tapes and tape recorders (see opposite page), opaque projectors (by which even the most ordinary pictures, even those straight out of a magazine, could be shown on a screen) and there were over-the-shoulder projectors, a new and somewhat startling device by which a teacher can face his class, place a picture in the projector, and be able to point out its interesting features without ever taking his eyes off his possibly mischievous audience. There were hexagonal and octagonal and L-shaped tables, all designed to fit together and to give the maximum seating space—and also designed to be taken apart so that students who preferred to sit apart could do so. And into the room had also been crowded—without it ever seeming too crowded—a special little section with a daylight movie screen, hooded and apart, so that students who had missed a film or needed to see it twice could do so without interruption.

THE exhibitors of these mechanical marvels tried to crowd everything they could into the big room, but, as in all good things, they had to forego a few. They did get their removable combination chalk boards (blackboards which are green instead of black in order to reflect a better light) into the room. And they succeeded in setting up a microscopic projector, a machine whose advantage is that a teacher can place a biology class slide in it and have no doubt that everybody is seeing, without squinting, the same cells that he intends them to see. The exhibitors also squeezed in electric blotters which enable a teacher to preview his day's showing of pictures at his desk in order to present them satisfactorily, and lucite boards which take a fine-pointed grease pencil (and therefore far more words than the ordinary chalkboard) and which light up like luminous paint when a light is flashed through their edges. They managed to exhibit their felt boards (display boards to which felt cut-outs stick so fascinatingly that no class in arithmetic or science ever tires of them) and also their special projectors by which a teacher can draw whatever picture he wants, flash it on the screen, and then, as in the now-familiar acetate slates, pull out his picture and make it disappear. But the exhibitors apparently found it impossible to crowd in a few things. There was no pull-chart (a device by which the center section of a chart pulls out, leaving a simplified diagram which can only be completed again by putting the center section back thereby fascinating its audience). There was also no pegboard, which is a device very much like a felt board but which uses pegs instead of felt to make things stick.

These omissions may, of course, not have been omissions at all. For in the model room there were so many cabinets for storage that they might easily have been inside one of these, perhaps underneath the science-laboratory sink which stood in one corner. In fact, the whole room was admirably designed to take care of all its crowded equipment without seeming crowded. The multiple-leaf tack boards could all be swung together so that they held a well-loaded display without taking up much space; and the chalkboards could be removed from the walls and taken back to his seat by a student, thereby avoiding the necessity of having a chalkboard there as well. Even the door jams were purposely fitted without sills so that movable equipment (perhaps a spare projector or so) could be transported in and out of the room without having to take a bump. The lights were all set deep into the ceiling and, as an added wonder, the lights of each section of the room could be turned on separately, thereby allowing different students to watch different visual aids at the same time without feeling that the light was wrong for their particular project.

The 3-D schoolroom was so perfect, in fact, that when the teachers had ogled it and left the exhibitors could hardly bear to tear it down. For some time this problem caused consternation. Then everybody hit upon a happy idea. At the end of last summer's exhibition everything in the schoolroom was moved to an almost exact replica of the room in a building of New York University. Here the 3-D room stands, probably the greatest innovation in modern education since the days of the horn-book, and undeniably the most perfect of all the hopeful, happy classrooms of tomorrow.





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The Tape Recorder Is a 3-D Wonder

OF all the new tools for teaching in the 3-D classroom none has pleased the teachers more than he newest (and easily the most versa-ile) of the lot, the tape recorder. The nanufacturers of these devices have been good enough to send out thou-sands of letters, print up hundreds of promotional circulars, and record their impressive claims in a dozen or so different booklets. According to the manufacturers, a school with a tape recorder is a thoroughly different school from what a school used to be.

Take an example cited by one of the booklets: a class struggling to learn two-part singing. Without a tape recorder one or the other part is likely to be swayed over to the other side. But with a tape recorder this is not so. The one part is recorded easily—and alone—on a tape by the whole class. Then the whole class swings over to the other part, singing along against the tape recording.

"We have found," the manufacturers' booklets go on to say, "that tape recordings are particularly valuable for instrumental music." With a recorder a child who has difficulty memorizing a selection for his instrument can play along with the recording of an abler performer, thereby getting the better of it. If the school schedules of, say, four children who are in an instrumental quarter should conflict the tape recorder has an answer for this problem, too. Each child adds his own part on a special "add-a-part" tape which is distributed by most of the big tape manufacturers and which is becoming a best seller in the field.

The tape industry has during the past few years burgeoned into one of the best money-makers of all educational supply houses. One of its greatest boons according to the manufacturers has been its ability to help slow readers. One second-grade teacher (who has been quoted by one manufacturer) has written, "Recently my class in reading discovered for itself some of its own shortcomings. I divided the class into three groups of slow, medium, and fast readers. I gave these groups special names to avoid any hurt feelings. In the woodpecker (the slow group) of about nine pupils some had a tendency to repeat phrases while reading, such as, 'This is a . . . this is a . . . this is a hippopotamus.' For weeks I was unable to convince them this was wrong. Then they heard themselves on a tape recording. The repeating stopped."

Clearly the pedagogical potentialities of tape are unlimited. The booklets have even unearthed the case of a physical-education teacher who, knowing nothing of dramatics, was unhappily assigned to direct a school play. Being resourceful, the teacher found an old long-playing record of the drama and re-recorded it on tape, being careful to allow five minutes of blank tape after every two minutes of recording. Then, thus equipped, she had her school actors memorize their parts and mimic them into the blank tape, thereby making it easy for her to recognize dramatic errors.

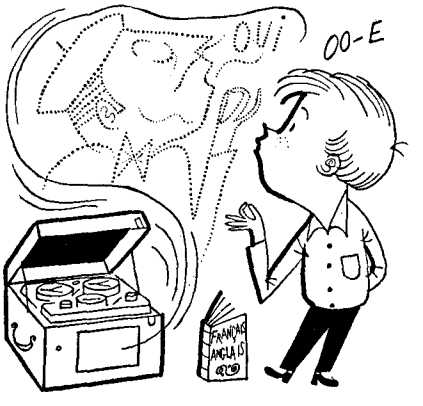
In like manner, teachers can prerecord much of the lesson for the day, leaving themselves free to wander around the room and to give individual attention where it is needed. The manufacturers have found that schoolchildren are fond of improvising their own quiz programs if there is a tape recorder in the room, that bright pupils can increase their shorthand dictation by listening to prerecorded tapes carefully planned by the teachers, and that slower students can catch up with others by the same method. And the booklets like to point out that teachers have found tape recorders valuable in highlighting the differences of intention to be found in the writing of verse, drama, debates—and straight propaganda for that matter. One teacher recorded a story in an effort to show how one and the same story can give rise to several other versions of it, depending on its hearers. Then each pupil took a turn listening privately to the story and recording his version of it. When the whole class had finished the teacher played back the entire tape to their surprise.

IN P. S. 39 of Richmond, Virginia, not so long ago a group of girl students, happily egged on by their teacher, got together and while a tape recorder took down their remarks they discussed such intimate problems as parental remarks which had made them angry. The mothers were then invited to school to hear these recordings and to add their own remarks. The teacher reported helpful results.

In P. S. 69 of New York some elementary pupils got together and, again using a tape recorder, made a recording of a phonograph recording of a speech by one of their more famous alumni: Bernard Baruch. The speech: "I remember most of all my teacher Catherine Devereux Blake. She was a very beautiful woman . . . She did much for me. . . ."

The tape recorder manufacturers have promoted the use of tape recorders for a variety of other purposes: for spelling classes (in this case the words of each lesson are simply recorded, adequately spaced apart); for children who must make up work; for blind children and for children who are sick and must stay at home; for correspondence courses. No use is more magnificently conceived than for learning foreign languages. The tape recorder insures the correct pronunciation of foreign words, and today at Georgetown University in Washington, D. C., 120 students are studying French by means of a tape recorder. In a highly elaborate system, each student sits at a semi-soundproofed desk, dons earphones, and listens to a master recording. Then he reads along with the recording, mouthing the words carefully to himself, confident that he is getting the proper accent.

On all this the tape-recorder manufacturers smile happily, pleased that their product is doing so well, and as their business burgeons they work hard to dream up more uses for tapes in the nation's schoolrooms.



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Philadelphia's 3-D Is TV

THE children who go to school in Philadelphia—more so than even the rest of the country's children—are accustomed to television. For they not only watch television at home: they watch it also in their classrooms. They are even likely to appear on the screen themselves, for at the start of every school year the children of Philadelphia's public-school system are given auditions, tested for articulation, and if they pass that far given another test to see if they are telegenic.

All this is part of the biggest—and the most unusual—of the country's school television programs, an innovation among the modern tools of teaching in which Philadelphia has far surpassed its rivals. For today there are 350 TV sets in use in the classrooms of its public schools, between 1,500 and 2,000 more in other schools in the Philadelphia area.

Every morning at 10:30 the first of the TV programs begins. This is the program known to the children—and to their teachers—as Operation Blackboard, a highly organized series which is likely to go into a little music, a little art, a little history, or, for that matter, a little literature or health. To all these excursions the schoolchildren pay respectful attention, having first been prompted by their teachers as to what they should watch out for. For them Monday is music day, and for this purpose the teachers have named the first of their Operation Blackboard programs "R for Rhythm." The children watch as their televised contemporaries play musical instruments, learning to appreciate the music and, sometimes if they want, to play along in the classrooms. On Tuesdays recently the children learned something of simple linoleum-block art-work. On Wednesdays they saw, among other things, the Philadelphia Civic Ballet in "The Nutcracker Suite"; watched a showing of a special anniversary exhibition now on display at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts; studied some contributions made by their own local citizen of the past, Benjamin Rush, and examined the life of the North and the South during the Civil War as it had been recorded both by photographers and painters. Then they received a lecture on the different techniques of art as exemplified by the paintings and the photographs which they were seeing. Thursdays, via televisions, they went on field trips to some Philadelphia museums, including the Pennsylvania Academy of th Fine Arts again as well as the Phila delphia Academy of Natural Sciences Fridays they saw one of the city's newest and brightest programs. On i the Mask and Dagger Club of Muhlenberg College presented "The Taming of the Shrew," Drexel Institute of Technology presented some highlights from an adaptation of "The House of Seven Gables," and the dean of the Radio-Television School of Columbia Institute presented some performers in a scene from Nicholas Gogol's satire on bureaucracy, "The Inspector General." After this a group of high-school students appeared on the screen and discussed Gogol's ideas on bureaucracy as compared to theirs.

IN ADDITION to all these programs the children could if their teachers approved turn their TV sets on to a large and semi-scholarly offering of programs. They could watch a program called "The World at Your Door," in which every week a group of high-school students appeared with a guest from a foreign country and asked him questions. They could at one time watch "How's Your Social I.Q.?," a program of mannerly and/or worldly affairs which included the current rates of tipping as a matter of information, and they had the opportunity to watch "Count Off," a highly visual interpretation of arithmetic. In addition last month there were available to the students a host of other programs. Some of these came to them from the colleges and universities in the surrounding area. Pennsylvania Military College put on a program called "Chemistry and You." Temple University had a program called "Shakespeare," the University of Pennsylvania had one called "The World Behind the News," and Jefferson Medical College gave a program on "Neurology."

The Philadelphia television program, however, is anything but common practice in American schools. Although 252 channels have been reserved for educational televising, today there are only eleven educational television stations in operation throughout the country, with two more (at Boston, operated by the Lowell Institute, and at Birmingham, operated by the State of Alabama) scheduled to begin telecastings in the next few months.

The history of educational television goes back to the days of 1947 and through radio back to the day in 1930

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vhen the National Broadcasting Company first offered half a million sets of paper keyboards to schoolchildren so that they could listen and practise along with a series of six radio programs on piano playing. At the end of the six lessons many of the children were so interested that they wanted to continue with a seventh and teachers got interested. But of all the schools interested in TV Philadelphia has led the way in programs intended for classroom viewing. They have experimented with the best ways of using TV in their schools and have in the past seven years come up with some ideas of their own about their programs. Before a television set is turned on the teacher always explains to the children what the program will be about and what they should look for. Then after the program has ended the children are urged to discuss it with the teacher. They also may burst into a beehive of activity. After seeing a weather program one classroom made daily weather reports, kept charts, and studied the functions of thermometers and barometers. In many classrooms TV reports are made by the children exactly as the old-fashioned book reports were once made. Then, with television looming so large in their lives, they are likely to go a step further. They try out make-believe broadcasts in the schoolroom in order to evaluate the quality of the real programs they have just seen.

Philadelphia television teachers have come to some conclusions about the worth of their television classrooms. They believe that TV gives a sense of immediacy which is lacking in many other forms of audio-visual aids. If nothing else, the teachers say the programs have increased the children's interest in speaking clearly and fluently. But, perhaps most important of all, the Philadelphia TV teachers believe that their children take TV more seriously than some other audio-visual tools of teaching.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is grateful to the following for some of the information used in the foregoing articles on modern tools for teaching:

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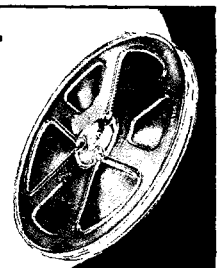

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OF ALL the tools for teaching—the old, the new, or the still-projected—a half-dozen stand out as the most important. Here are some of the advantages and disadvantages of each:

TEXTBOOKS: The oldest and still the most effective of the teaching tools. Because they require exertion on the part of the student, the lessons they teach are more likely to be retained than those acquired passively. Around them all curricula, including audio-visual, are constructed. As organized courses of study textbooks tie all other methods of teaching together. They can be referred to at the student's convenience, in and out of the classroom.

TAPES: These are today the most flourishing of the new teaching tools. For teaching through the ear they are more flexible than phonograph records, being easily erased and reused for another subject. As such they can also be brought up to date more easily than textbooks. They also give a personal touch to learning, since children can record their own voices on them. Initially they are more expensive than phonograph records, but are also less fragile.

RECORDS: This audio-tool is well established, and offers many excellent renditions of music, reading, and speeches. Records are fragile and bulky to store, but these disadvantages are probably more than counterbalanced by the quality and range of their recorded subject-matter.

TELEVISION: The chief advantage of TV as a teaching tool is that it gives children a feeling of immediacy in seeing and hearing something that is actually happening. TV can also be used for schools' public-relations programs beamed at the parents. But its disadvantage is that it is enormously expensive and as yet relatively few schools have been able to afford their own educational TV channels.

RADIO: This audio-tool of teaching is esteemed by many teachers because it tends to stimulate the imagination of children: they have to imagine the characters whom they hear. The cost is considerably less than TV.

FILMS: The chief advantage of films, another audio-visual device, over TV is that they can be shown any time so that the teacher does not have to depend on TV schedules. The screens for films are larger and more easily seen than TV screens. But the films tend to be less timely than radio or TV.

FILM STRIPS: These strips of still pictures, combined into an organized story, enable the teacher to stop and explain a child's question on the spur of the moment. Textbook publishers are often tying them in with reading these days, thereby fitting them into an organized program of study. Projectors for film strips are cheaper than those for moving films, but, unlike most movies, film strips must depend for explanation from the teacher himself—a hazard which depends on the skill of the teacher.

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The NCCPS Bows Out

By FRED M. HECHINGER, *education editor of and frequent contributor to the* New York Herald Tribune.

BY THIS time next year the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools will no longer be in existence. Some time around January of 1956 the group which banded together under that now well-known name in May of 1949 will go out of business.

Usually the fact that an organization closes its doors spells failure. In this instance it means success. The Commission set itself a goal and it pledged to reach that goal in six years. After that Roy E. Larsen, the Commission's chairman from its beginning, said there would be no reason to continue; for the major goal which the Commission set for itself and all those who cooperated with it was to make the country aware of the need for more and better schools, for more and better teachers, for more and greater everyday interest in the needs of the schools. The goal was to get so many people ready to carry the ball that the Commission could move to the sidelines.

It would be unrealistic to say that by now all that needs be done has been done. Or even to predict that this will be so by 1956. Or by 2056. But the members of the Commission feel the job has been well enough advanced so that organization on the local and state levels — the place where American education ought to be controlled and supported — can safely take over.

At this turn of affairs it seems good to review the accomplishments of what in 1949 seemed a futile plan to some and an impossible prospectus to others. Here is an outsider's incomplete listing of these accomplishments:

Although advertising and publicity certainly were not at the heart of the new plan it was readily and wisely admitted that the attention of the widest possible public could not be caught without it. Since 1949 American newspapers have ordered (from the Advertising Council, which supported the campaign) 53,000 mats which told of the plight and the need of the schools. If the radio and television messages that went to American homes about the "Better Schools" campaign had had to be paid for it would have cost over $8,000,000.

Newspaper coverage of the Commission's work was important. But what was far more vital was the contagious effect of interest in education. As one whose business is writing this reporter knows that magazine editors are hard-headed men who need quite a bit of convincing to take an interest in a "new" subject. There can be no doubt that up to 1949 education was "new" to them and quite a few of them were "new" to education.

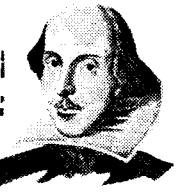
But as the interest in the schools began to spread in 1949 the editors quickly understood where their circulation was buttered. The general, large-circulation magazines in 1949 printed an unprecedented 128 articles on public education, and this was only the beginning: last year there were 350 articles on all phases of public-school problems in the national magazines.

FROM the outset the Commission believed that it could not "direct" a successful campaign for better schools from a New York office suite. It had to get leaders in communities all over the country to assume active leadership, while New York would act as a collecting agency, publications headquarters, information office, and clearing house. In twenty-five regional workshops and five national meetings the commission got the word and the inspiration to 5,500 local community leaders.

I attended a good many of these meetings as an observer. One of the startling and almost unbelievable facts to notice was the difference between the citizens' reactions of five years ago and of three or four years later.

In the beginning there seemed to be a constant undertone of how impossibly big the problems were. A housewife from Georgia would almost weep about the trouble she had to get the local schoolboard even to listen. A salesman from the Midwest would say that, well, it was all politics anyway, and the politicians could hardly be expected to lend an ear to a few impatient parents. A mother from a big city said she couldn't even get enough people together to sponsor a P-TA group. Again and again people would say or hint that they didn't understand the educators anyway.

A basic tool for teaching:



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All this changed rapidly. By 1952 there were few citizens attending the Commission's meeting who had any doubt that the problem, big as it was, could be tackled. One of the reasons why they were so much more confident was that a great many of their fellow citizens (some of them the very doubters of the preceding paragraph) were telling a different story: they had small and big reports of local success; of an unexpected bond issue; of a new citizens' committee which had no trouble talking to the educators; of the old, but apparently not always remembered, truth that politicians are impressed and rendered cooperative by nothing quite so much as by the weight of vote-heavy numbers.

And this was not the end of the transformation. By 1954 the entire emphasis was beginning to change. True, there were still far too few schools, classrooms, and teachers, and the enrolment tide was still rising. But the citizens who met last year had learned enough to know that it is at least as important to assure good teaching as it is to have more and modern schools.

In these days of Hollywood and Washington hucksters landslides come a dime-a-dozen, and the term has been seriously devalued. But the Commission's history can show what "landslide" ought to mean: In 1949 there were only a handful of local citizens' committees to support the public schools all over the country. The new-born Commission was in contact with seventeen such groups by the end of the year, and it considered itself reasonably though not very startlingly successful. Today the Commission is actively in touch with over 2,500 such groups all over the United States and it knows that the total that have mushroomed by now is close to 9,000.

While the Commission cannot claim credit for the growth of parent-teacher association chapters as such, there can be no doubt that the "Better Schools" campaign had its effect on the remarkable developments in that area, too. In 1945 the P-TA had a membership of 3,487,138. At the latest count, last year, the total was creeping toward 9,000,000. (As an added bonus, 3,000,000 of that figure are men.)

In 1949 the Commission had virtually no incoming mail. Toward the end of that year Roy Larsen outlined the organization's aims in an article in *This Week* magazine. It brought the first bag of 350 letters. The count for 1954 was 67,000.

The mail created problems. People asked for advice and literature. The Commission still could offer only little of the former, none of the latter. It reprinted a report on a citizens' committee in Delaware from the *National Parent Teacher* magazine and an article on Westport, Conn., from *The Saturday Review*. By today the commission responds to queries with copies of 350 carefully selected case histories, brochures, studies from its files. About 700,000 pieces of information have been distributed. In addition, the Commission within the past two years has published nine booklets as "working guides" and plans to publish six more in the months ahead. To date 185,215 copies have been distributed.

It would be misleading to attribute all, or even any fixed proportion of, the progress made toward better schools in the past five years to the work of the Commission. Suffice it to say that anything approaching this progress would have been impossible without some such effort to awaken the public and give the people a sense of "What Can I Do?" At any rate, here are some of the facts of what has happened:

In 1944 the capital outlay for school construction was $55,000,000.

By 1949 critical building materials, frozen during the war, had been released, and the figure for that year was $664,000,000.

Now about $2,000,000,000 are being spent for construction annually. (Lest anyone view this figure with complacency, the Commission's most recent study of the needs ahead estimates that a total of thirty-two billion will be needed for the next ten years.)

What is perhaps at least as important is the fact that hostile and destructive criticism of the public schools has been decreasing. Most of the press has changed its tune remarkably, perhaps as the editors began to learn some of the facts of school life.

Since its small beginning the Commission has enjoyed broad and gratifying financial support to enable it to carry on its work. This support came from the Carnegie Corporation, the Fund for the Advancement of Education, the Fund for the Republic, the General Education Board, the New York Community Trust, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, and the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation.

As the Commission prepares to wind up its business it stands assured that the vaccine has taken: local groups are ready to carry on. Today there are twenty-eight state citizens' committees, and others are being formed. The National Citizens' Commission for the Public Schools has shown the nation's citizens how and why the schools are "public."

Men or Murderers?

Continued from page 22

wait until a billion human lives are expunged before we decide that something ought to be done about the principle of individual responsibility? Is it practical to construct an elaborate legal mechanism in the name of justice and then to turn away from it when it fails to serve our purpose? Inappropriate? Is there anything more inappropriate than to be guilty of a double standard in the eyes of history, seeking immunity from the very legality we solemnly impose upon others? There is an equally important question that concerns Supreme Court Justice Jackson and the able corps of American jurists who worked with him at Nuremberg. Have we by our action before the United Nations converted them into murderers? If the legal basis of their work is to be dissolved, what status are they to occupy in history?

Ever since the United Nations was founded, American delegates to the United Nations have chafed under the frequent use of the veto by Soviet Russia in the Security Council. But not once have we reminded the world that we ourselves proposed the veto. Nor have we ourselves proposed that the veto be replaced with binding obligations—on us as well as everyone else. Similarly, we have made dramatic postures against aggressors and world criminals but when the hard question of individual responsibility actually comes up we ourselves have run for cover. Most perplexing of all is the presumption of our Delegation in saying that the American people are not ready for the measures that are an organic part of world law and therefore world security. Has the question been put to our people? Has there been a national debate? How does the Delegation know?

Is it possible that the American Delegation to the U.N. is more concerned over the probable attacks by certain Senators who fear world commitments than they are over the moral and historic significance of their reversal of Nuremberg? It is undoubtedly true that some Senators will shout to the skies against the creation of a higher sovereignty. That is their right. But it is also the right and privilege of the Government to take the fight to the people.

The American Delegation to the U.N. has put the American people on the spot. Whether we get off it or not depends on whether the American people will allow their name to be used lightly in the world, even by their own government. —N. C.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Air, Air, the Gang's All Hale

ORMOND BEACH, FLA.

WHEN old John D. Rockefeller, the dime-dispenser and sometime oil dealer, was ready to take his ease he dispatched a platoon of doctors and scientists southward with instructions to determine the healthiest little nook in Florida. What they found was a place where there was no Timothy grass, ragweed, or smoke-producing factories; a place where the pollen index is less than one, compared with some Midwestern cities I could name which rate 114 and 121; a place where a child of the canyons could merely by inhaling and exhaling increase its chest measurement by maybe three inches in eight weeks; a city where, and I quote, "Direct exposure to the sun's rays allows the body to absorb more ultraviolet rays, a ray which produces Vitamin D from irradiation of ergosterol in the tissues." That city, citizens, is the metropolis of Ormond Beach, population 3,418, and no other resort can make that statement. Very few can pronounce it.

It was perfectly comprehensible, however, to John D. Rockefeller, who betook himself thither aboard Flagler's Florida East Coast Railway and installed himself in Flagler's Ormond Hotel, a rat-maze of porches, catwalks, bridges, and balustrades—cypress every inch and all painted white. The train came bellowing down the East Coast, stopped on the mainland, then backed across the Halifax River and rested in front of the hotel for the night. The tables in the dining-room were placed ten feet apart so one mogul couldn't overhear the hatchings of another. There were five-and-a-half employes per guest. John D. engaged a wing at a reputed $500 a week, and stayed there seven summers. Then he moved into his own new house, The Casements, just across the street.

On good warm days Rockefeller and his guards would be driven a scant two blocks to the entrance of the Ormond Golf Club. There he would call for Charlie Coleman, his favorite caddy. When Rockefeller tired of the fairways he would perch on his collapsible chair and Charlie would hold an umbrella over his head. Sometimes the six-year-old daughter of his laundress would romp around with him, singing hymns during the umbrella-shaded intermissions. Once in a while he would golf with General Adelbert Ames, of the Union forces, and later a carpetbagging governor. When the general dubbed a shot Rockefeller would twit him. "A man of words and not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds," he would recite. When it was Rockefeller's turn to address the ball, an oldtime Daytona newsman was recalling this week. "It made you think of a snake about to strike." He chose a brassie to drive off the tee, and would chalk the face of it. After he had swung he would examine the ball's mark and if it was in the center of the club face he would exclaim, "See, see! Method, method!" After seven holes, with score unkept, he would collect his guards and go home, sometimes pausing to dispense dimes to a line of the club's caddies.

When the present publisher, Julius Davidson, took over the *Daytona News-Journal* in 1929 the front-page headline and the Rockefeller obituary were already in type and waiting. Rockefeller wasn't due to die for another eight years, and meanwhile the Davidsons kept the account up to date. They also modernized their type face, except for the story that lay on an unused stone. When the end seemed near Mama Davidson was put on the death-watch. For each of eight days she watched for twenty hours and rested four. When the end finally came the news arrived not from The Casements, a few miles from the paper's office, but from Ivy Lee, the Rockefeller public-relations counselor phoning from New York. And when it came the paper was caught with its press motor dismantled and parts strewn all over the floor. The story was printed on a borrowed flatbed press, and the news went out, somewhat late and in old-fashioned type, in Rockefeller's winter home that the old man had passed away at the age of ninety-seven. It was 1937.

HERE in 1955 I have been inhaling and outhaling, free of smoke and pollen. The chest is expanding so that I could probably inhale a barrelful of Budweiser without warping. Also, I suspect, the irradiation from the ergosterol in these rejuvenated tissues is blinding people all the way to Tallahassee.

The other day I looked in at Rockefeller's old Ormond Hotel. It was sitting, as always, alongside the quiet Halifax River, and the sun, that was disappearing somewhere into the Gulf of Mexico across the state, ran like golden quicksilver along the worn canvas-covered walks, ferreting out every nook and cranny, every gingerbread walkway and ramp. Inside there was hardly a guest less than a sexagenarian. A note on the bulletin board said that the rules committee had decided that guests of long standing would receive priority in choice of tables in the dining room. Supper was being served, and following the smell I found the big room, with the tables still ten feet apart, but there were no whispering moguls. Those who come

(*See page 42*)

—*Acme.*

John D., golfer: "See, see! Method, method!"

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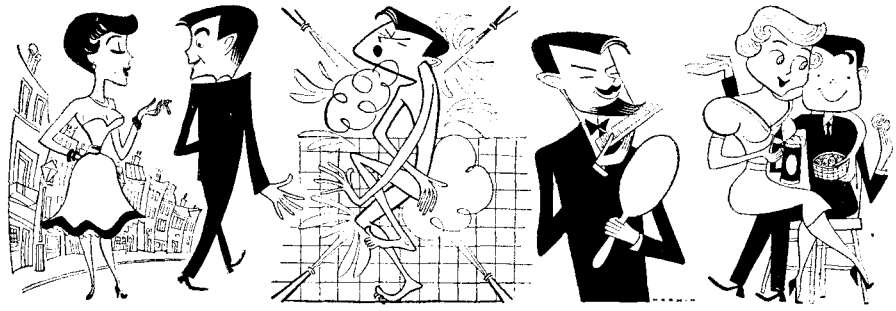

Diary of a Student Abroad

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The works below are the letters to his mother of a rolling stone named* **Robert L. Livingston,** *twenty-two, who after Choate and Yale has found his way into the ivied courts of Oxford, where he is studying International Relations and—of course—the "European scene." Mr. Livingston's ambition, when the "scene" is firm in his mind, is the American Foreign Service. A friend of the family, Sylvia Lyons, reports that "where Bob lives (in Oxford) there are a couple, a grown son, and a grandfather. They all use the kitchen to wash and shave, because Bob and three other young men use the one bathroom in the house. . . . There are no baseboard electric outlets. Bob has plugged a radio wire and an electric heater wire into the one ceiling outlet and there are so many wires hanging down from it that it looks like a permanent-waving machine. He finally pasted some of the wires against the ceiling and walls with Scotch tape. . . . The reserve of the British students is such that for the first week or two not a soul spoke to him. In the Common Hall he felt that if during that period he had taken off all his clothes and stood stark naked in the middle of the room nobody would have said a word to him. They finally warmed up and invited him to have tea—after two weeks. . . . There is not a day that either Brussels sprouts or cabbage is not served. Every dessert has custard on it, and it was explained that otherwise it would be too dry."*

By ROBERT L. LIVINGSTON

OXFORD, AUG. 4, 1954: My landlady, Mrs. English, is quite nice and comes from London so that at least I can understand her; the Oxford dialect might just as well be Greek. I have a bedroom the size of a phone booth and a rather nice-sized sitting-room with a bay-window. The decoration is quite hodge-podge, but after the others I've seen I feel lucky. My rent is $26.46 a month. No phone.

PARIS, AUG. 6: Last night we ate at a little Alsatian restaurant which was not bad. I had "steak au poivre," broiled in pepper, which was good, but terribly hot. Then we went on a tour of Montmartre; first the Place du Tertre, which was absolutely mobbed, and then into the "Lapin Agile." I suppose it is charming in the winter, but there is little charm in a room built for twenty holding sixty at a 100° temperature. We stayed but a short time. Finally we went to Pigalle for a walk (ha, ha) and were accosted at least a dozen times. I thought of your injunction to go out with more girls, but felt this would hardly be what you meant.

THE DORDOGNE, AUG. 12: At about 1.30 we arrived at Lascaux to see the famous paintings of the cavemen. These were discovered in 1940 when a man heard his lost dog crying from what seemed to be underground caves. When he went to see he discovered these remarkable pictures dating back about 22,000 years.

We were driving along when out of a street on our left a motorcycle shot out, cutting off the oncoming truck. He swerved to avoid it and while yelling at the cyclist failed to observe me (I had stopped). I grazed my fender and rear bumper. (By the time you read this the damage will be fixed at the expense of the Frenchman's insurance company.)

The amazing part is this: Like any American who is in the right, I rushed up to M. Taubourg (for that was the gentleman's name) and began to berate him. To my surprise and amazement he admitted he was in the wrong and said we should see his agent. When we got there we found he was not in and so at M. Taubourg's insistence we all went and had a beer. After all, what could we do? As he said, it was a *petite* thing and *c'est la vie* . . .

We finally saw the insurance man and after he went to the scene of the accident we all adjourned to the nearest bar to settle the details. Here it was two Pernods. They insisted on finding us a room for the night. M. Taubourg, a thoroughly lecherous old peasant, even offered to find us some "girls." All of this was carried on in French, and "mock" or Southern French at that. By 8 o'clock all was settled. We arranged to send the garage bill to the insurance company. The Monsieur l'Inginier (engineer), who had ridden grandly up on his bicycle, left and after much handshaking and clicking of glasses we all agreed the French were much more agreeable to do business with than the Americans. We were invited to M. Taubourg's farm for a party on Sunday, but as we were traveling we had to turn him down.

VIENNE, AUG. 26: Yesterday was a day to remember because I dined at the Restaurant de la Pyramide. We drove through really torrential rain all morning in order to visit the temple of gastronomy in time for lunch. We arrived at 12.45 and left at 3.15. It was good. Let me start by saying that without doubt or limitation I do hereby assert that this was the greatest meal I have ever eaten anywhere, and I've eaten some awfully good meals. Paté, melon *foie gras*, prosciutto and salami, langoustine, volaille, cheese, *petit four* and *gateau*, and strawberries. Two wines, two liqueurs, and one cigar. Cost: $14 per person. Wow!

SIENA, SEPT. 2: Frankly, the Riviera was a disappointment, with the exception of Monte Carlo. It is a beautiful location and not nearly so crowded as the rest of the Cote d'Azur. The atmosphere is very graceful, and no matter what they say of the Casino it is the best run of any I have been to. We had a drink with General Polotzow, the director of the Casino. He is a charming old man and of course his stories are fabulous. He says that the Monte Carlo Casino is 20 per cent ahead of last year, and that the biggest spenders are the Italians, whom he describes as "bursting with money."

KITZBUHEL, SEPT. 14: I have fallen in love—not once, but twice. The first case is human. She is the manager of a hotel in the Italian Alps. I don't even know the name of the town! Blonde, about twenty-six, and owns a thriving hotel and brewery. What more could I want? She speaks no English, but Italian and excellent German (most Italians in this region can barely speak their native tongue). Well, to make a long story pathetic, we only stayed one night and with my Italian it was admiration from a distance.

My second affair is a passion for Austria; at least that portion I've seen. It is amazingly beautiful, clean, and unbelievably cheap. As we drove through the green pasture land, the pine forests, and the beautiful Alps of the Southern Tyrol, all I could do was wonder how they ever raised a soldier or educated a general in so beautiful a land.

We crossed the Alps at the Brenner Pass and then drove on to Innsbrück. We stayed for lunch and a look at the Tyrolean Museum (fascinating) and then started for Salzburg, spending the night in the famous ski-resort of Kitzbuhel. Our room looks out over the mountains, and I think that this is the place to come skiing next Christmas.

PARIS, SEPT. 20: Rest assured, my new beard will be off well before you next see me. As for what's attractive about a beard: it's an indication of genius, that's what. Need I cite Shakespeare, Karl Marx, Lincoln, Shaw, Santa Claus, Michelangelo, Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas, Jo Davidson, Monty Woolley, The House of David baseball team, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. I even think Brandon de Wilde is growing one.

Our trip through Germany and Austria was sheer heaven. They are both beautiful countries and dirt cheap. Munich was pretty badly smashed up in the war but is rebuilding quickly. German stores have everything one could want and, what's more, customers with money to buy things. We drove past Dachau.

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it did not stop. The town is set in green lds, and somehow no matter how hard tried I could not hate its inhabitants. Make no mistake about it, neither ance nor anyone else can keep Ger- any down. She's got money and gump- n and ambition—quite a trio. I am ally anxious to go back.

(FORD, SEPT. 28: We landed in Dover t Thursday, where the British customs oved just as tough as their reputation. ey impounded my camera for duty d only gave me permission to keep y car for *one* year. I am involved in long string of communications with em now. We spent the night at Canter- ry and then the next day drove on to ford, where we stopped to leave some ings and make sure the rooms would ready when I want them.

ADEN-BADEN, DEC. 19: By far the high- int of this trip so far has been the enty-four hours spent in Baden-Baden. e started off in the baths. On the way e stopped in the Trinkhall. A large ilding with a classic outside, it was ollywood modern in the hall itself. lver fountains played, and the healing aters ran from gold taps into a marine ol.

We each had two glasses of a rather veet liquid, no more like water than baking-soda solution served hot. God nows what it was, but it must be good ecause it tasted awful. We then drove the Freidreichsbad, the largest of aden-Baden's bath houses. We elected try a Large Therapy at a cost of thirty- ve cents. I was taken to a small cubicle ntaining a bed and dresser where I ndressed and waited my turn. After out ten minutes I was conducted to large room which looked like a com- nation Turkish bath and torture cham- er.

First I sat in a large wooden tub and cked while the attendant scrubbed me ith a hand brush, splashed water over e, and then massaged me. Then I hopped t to a place where for about twenty inutes I was sprayed alternately with oiling hot and ice-cold water. The man ould change hoses, going from one hich I felt was sure to go right through y ribs to a mist so fine I could hardly el it. He played the hose over my hole body, telling me when to turn, and ven turning it on the soles of my feet.

Next on the menu was a sort of shower which needle jets of water came at ou from all directions. Finally I took plunge in an ice-cold pool, so cold at my feet and legs were numb. At last was swathed in towels and put to bed my cubicle with mounds of blankets keep me warm. All in all I felt health- er, cleaner, and a lot more relaxed than had for one hell of a long time.

MUNICH, DEC. 21: We spent two fabulous ays in Munich. Fabulous because Mu- ich seems to be the symbol of the new ermany: rich, ambitious, proud. Per- aps this is not the way Americans would ke to see things, but what can you ay about a people whose city was evastated in 1941 and now is the equal f any in Europe—nay, the U.S. itself? ow can one but admire a race that does ot know when it's beaten, and so erects even or eight new buildings in the space f a block or two?

At the end of the war we heard stories nd saw pictures of Germans grubbing or food and rags. No more. The stores re one Vendome after another. Never ave I seen such displays of food, fruit, wines, and liquors. And not only these

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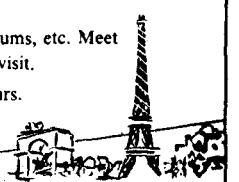

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but toys, jewelry, watches, and good (if not fashionable) clothes. The stores are crowded with well-dressed people, all of whom seem to have money to spend. To give you an idea, my car costs $2,300 here in Germany. The day before yesterday I counted no less than twenty-eight Mercedeses in an hour—none of them more than seven or eight years old. One feels all around him, from the people we talked to (brokenly of course), a sense of confidence in the future. Of course no one can guarantee a peaceful Germany, and it is of the utmost importance that France make every effort to keep up with her more powerful neighbor, but here at least there is a really good feeling, a *healthy* feeling, in Europe.

The other night we went to the famous Hofbrau House. Our neighbors included two old men, one a member of Hitler's company in the First World War (he showed us pictures to prove it), and the other a former prisoner of war in France. My friend got quite drunk (which the Germans loved) and I had the unique experience of being forcibly given beer and pretzels I did not want by a totally strange *Fraulein*. Finally we were joined by a group of German students with whom we played strength games. By the end of the evening our party was at least fifteen strong, and all in all I should say the Hofbrau Haus lived up to its reputation.

KITZBUHEL, DEC. 26: I really don't know how to describe Kitzbuhel except to say that it's like a second-rate movie backdrop—quaint chalets, old churches, and above everything mountains covered with snow. And what snow! Not inches, but feet. On top of the mountains it must be six or seven feet deep.

Christmas was probably the strangest I've ever spent. On Christmas Eve we got rather drunk and were mixed up with a strange crowd including an English lady (divorced) whom we call Tallulah. I went to midnight mass, and despite my non-religion I was quite moved by the service. After mass we went driving with two hideous Smith girls who have attached themselves to us like leeches. We had our own small Christmas tree in the room and on Christmas morning we all opened our presents. We took it easy most of the day and then went tea-dancing about 5 p.m. In the evening we went to a hockey game between Oxford and Kitzbuhel. It was perhaps the weirdest game I have ever seen, in about three inches of snow which had fallen during the day. Twice the puck was lost in the drift.

VIENNA, JAN. 1, 1955: I don't care what *Esquire* says, Vienna still reminds me of "The Third Man." It is cold, gray, deserted, and filled with Russian soldiers. If you let your imagination run wild you can almost hear Orson Welles working around in the sewers.

We arrived yesterday afternoon after a long and tedious train ride from Salzburg. The trip through the Russian Zone was extraordinarily *unexciting*. They didn't even stop us to check our papers. The only apparent difference, at least from the window of a train, between the Russian and any other zone is the increase in damaged buildings from the war, and the almost total lack of paved roads. We ate out and then saw the New Year in at a nightclub whose prices on New Year's Eve the Latin Quarter would do well to imitate. Minimum, $5, champagne (Austrian): $8. My bill for the evening: $4.

Most of today I walked around gawking

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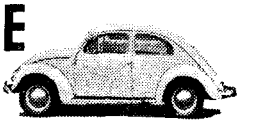

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t the sights all Americans seem to go or—Russians. As you know the city is ivided, but unlike Berlin one can move eely in the Russian area. I tried to luff my way into the Grand Hotel, which ie Russkies use to house some of their igwigs. Unfortunately, the guard at the oor stopped me. He was polite but firm. he hotel is one of Vienna's biggest, but ie Russians are letting it run down. We oticed particularly that they never clean ny windows.

Most of the Russian soldiers we saw re extremely young, I would say sixteen r seventeen years old. Their uniforms ary considerably from well-made ones) fairly old and tawdry ones on the hauffeurs. The latter, boots especially, ooked old and not polished. The officers' niforms are well made, but fit terribly.

IENNA, JAN. 2: Today has been another ronderfully interesting twenty-four ours, and the only thing that makes ie sad is that we must leave Vienna so oon. You can bet that this is one place will come back to. It has a terrific ombination of charm, things to see, and ie thrill of "The Third Man."

Despite the fact that I had been out ather late (I went to a great place for inner and then to the Cafe Mozart, hich was a letdown. Evidently it owes s reputation to the number of black narketeers who frequented it after the var), I got up early so that we could et seats for the mass in the Royal Chapel. The chief attraction is the music, layed and sung by the famous Vienna Boys Choir. I thought they were only air, but the mass was the best performed have ever seen. Certainly not religious, nd highly theatrical.

After lunch we took a long walk to he Belvedere Palace, which is lovely utside and hideous inside. Then finally ve went to visit *Amerika Haus*—the merican propaganda center here. It is vell designed and modern, having a eading room and library and a special hildren's section. When I commented ow crowded the place was my friend xplained that we share this popularity vith the Russians, for in reality the eople are mostly Viennese bums who ome in to get warm.

This evening we went to the State Opera to see Johann Strauss's "The Gypsy Baron." It was just the way Strauss in Vienna should be. Gay, light, good singing and orchestra, and a fantastic production.

/IENNA, JAN. 9: Our last morning in Vienna we visited the Soviet Information Center. We were lucky to find there an Austrian Communist who spoke excellent English and offered to act as our guide. I guess he thought we were American Reds, because he dwelled with obvious relish on "the terrors of the FBI" and the fact that we had restricted the travel of Soviet diplomats. We did nothing to dispel his illusion.

The Center itself is amazing. It occupies a large four-story building (compared with our small two-story one), which is divided up in four ways: a theatre seating 600, offices, a children's section, an adult section.

Later that morning we visited a Russian bookshop which also sells propaganda in English. At the moment I am 300 pages deep in the 1950 Stalin Prizewinner, "Guarantee of Peace," a hideously written tract about East Germany. I also bought a Russian desk calendar and a children's book which tells the life of Lenin in picture and verse. *Unbelievable!*

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Gang's All Hale

Continued from page 37

now pay fifty cents for lunch and ninety cents for dinner. Some folks have bought their rooms outright and many of these help out with the serving. A television set percolates in a corner of the lobby. There are movies every Friday, Bible classes on Thursdays. Heading into its eighth decade, the Ormond Hotel, with its eleven miles of corridors, is still the largest wooden hotel in the world. Lately it has been run by the Fellowship Center as a retirement home, but last week came the word that it was up for taxes.

I DROVE down Riverside Drive, one-way, southbound only, by Rockefeller stipulation, past his house on the corner that became a girls' school and later a guest house. Long gray beards of Spanish moss hung from the live oak trees and the Halifax shimmered alongside, polka-dotted with ducks. A pelican flew east towards the sea and a DC-7 flew north towards New York, and nothing stirred at No. 145, a strange gray house of notched logs called Grey Oaks, that was raided last year as a den of chance, loose ladies, and happy cigarettes all snug under one roof.

Charlie Coleman, the caddy, died last spring, and the Ormond Golf Club, where Rockefeller chalked his brassie and rested in the shade of his umbrella, has become the Ellinor Village Golf and Country Club. The old clubhouse, where Rockefeller never went anyway, has become a Teen Open House, filled with juke boxes, pool tables, ping-pong tables, and a Coke bar. A new clubhouse has been added by Merrill Ellinor, a successful builder, with a swimming pool, wading pool, and a glass-walled dining-room with dancing nightly.

Ellinor Village is a whole town in a family way. It has 650 villas by the sea, every one with a bedroom, a living-room, and full kitchen facilities. When it's going full steam Ellinor Village has a population of 3,000. Its vacationers can shop in their own shopping center, which has a giant A and P supermarket, a king-sized drug store, haberdashery, beauty parlor, and bar and restaurant.

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If you've developed a tribe in you house you can rent cribs, highchair and strollers. Playgrounds are scat tered through the grounds, but, bette yet, you can store the angels, bles them, at the Village Nursery, a ample, fenced reservation complet with live rabbits, wooden horse blackboards and chalk, blocks, gun bikes, balls, and other necessitie The nursery, which also supplies sit ters, will take your tyke by the morn ing, the afternoon, the full day, o even overnight. Anything short c adoption.

Beginning April 10, National Air lines will offer packaged vacations a the Village. The cost for keeping tw in a villa for six nights and seve days will be $29.75 each, childre free. What's more, the package in cludes twenty hours of free nurser service, half price on the golf course free tennis and swimming, and fre membership in the Ellinor Villag Country Club, née the Ormond Beac Country Club. The plan also include transfers from the Daytona Airpor but the handiest arrangement is t pick up a car from National Ca Rental, say, in Jacksonville, and sho your way through St. Augustine, th oldest town in North America, an Marineland, the fishiest establishmen for miles around. Once in Ormon you can drive the next twenty-si miles on what is shyly called Th World's Most Famous Beach, th sandy expanse of Daytona.

Ellinor Village, which holds its ow beachhead, was built after the wa and, spreading some 300 acres ove these healthful plains originall scouted by Rockefeller's agents, it ha become the world's largest famil resort. It is so big that it dispatche its maids and cleanup squads b truck.

Supply wagons follow, carrying ex tra dishes, caps for salt-shakers, ligh bulbs, extra coffeepots, and even pic tures for the walls. All the trucks station-wagons, and executive car are equipped with two-wave radios with broadcasting headquarters unde the main building. Almost any morn ing you can hear, "Ormond to ca thirty-nine, Ormond calling thirty- nine. Proceed to Villa 164-A Cardinal Fix leaky pipe. Also 596-B Robin i due for a linen change today. Tha is all. Over and out." The stranges things will crackle through smoke- free, pollen-free, chest-enlarging ergosterol-irradiation producing air

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Americana

Continued from page 21

little towhead, now a pretty red-haired authoress, describes the incident with characteristic serenity. "As I think about it now, having put it out of my mind for so many years, I see that my real companionship with my Dad, my real love for him, got started soon after that. The big fear was over and gone—I guess I knew that Dad had done as much hurt as he could ever do to me."

The narration continues to be deceptively simple. The reader thinks he is merely enjoying a pleasant collection of songs and anecdotes. He smiles when Abigail Ritchie receives her golden anniversary present from her husband—a gold wedding band—and remarks to her fourteen children, 'I reckon that settles it. I'm really married." But soon the reader finds that he's been a willing witness to a discerning exposition of a way of life that has persisted for hundreds of years in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains, a way of life that caused one historian to call Jean Ritchie's people "our contemporary ancestors."

The songs are a delight—even for the "listener"—and Maurice Sendak's illustrations have a rude, friendly quality reminiscent of A. A. Milne.

Notes

DEFENDER OF "THE AMERICAN IDEA": Lucille Milner's quietly exciting book **"Education of an American Liberal"** (Horizon Press, $3.95) begins as the life-story of the daughter of a well-to-do Confederate veteran raised amid the elegancies and prejudices of the Southern white of the turn of the century, then soon becomes the epic of a post-World War I voluntary society as characteristically American as the earlier antebellum Abolitionist groups with the same essential goal: equal liberty for different people, whatever their color, sex, occupation, ethnic connection, or political or religious affiliation. This shift of theme is the substance of Lucille Milner's "education." The society whose faith and works became her vocation of a quarter of a century is the American Civil Liberties Union, which she served as executive secretary from its founding in 1920 to her resignation in 1945.

The men and women who joined with her and Roger Baldwin to form this Union were a true sample of the American patriotically committed to what Abolitionist Theodore Parker was first to call "The American Idea." They were in Mrs. Milner's words a "strangely assorted group"; some with comfortable incomes, conservative backgrounds, affiliations, habits of life, and professions or businesses; others the reverse. All were moved by a sense of injustice to conscientious objectors, to women, to workingmen, to Negroes, and to others who were different from *soi-disant* "100 per cent Americans" whose percentages did not figure The American Idea. The former were, and are, often lawlessly penalized by the latter and by agents of the law because they were thus different. The Union signalized its members' commitment to the Bill of Rights and to due process and equal justice under the law for everybody.

Mrs. Milner's narrative shows that the policy-making body of the Civil Liberties Union is no more agapastic than the Senate or the Supreme Court. Her own sacrificial devotion to the end did not keep her from having her own passions and preferences regarding the employment of the means. She chose her side and defends its righteousness, yet with a perceptive fairness toward the other side that does not fail to win the admiration of its leaders. —H. M. KALLEN.

TROPICAL DREAMS: Ethel Walbridge McCully is a lady who when faced with retirement from business put into action what many of us merely put into dreams. The possessor of a Beekman Place co-op apartment, she subleased it at a profit and took off for the Virgin Islands to indulge what she calls a "tropical island complex." In **"Grandma Raised the Roof"** (Crowell, $3.50) she tells how she found her dream spot on St. John, an island adjacent to the publicized St. Thomas, and set out to build on it a small wooden house. She finally gets it done, though the problems of transporting material and obtaining labor often seemed insurmountable. Of great assistance in the latter were the precepts of Dale Carnegie, for whom Mrs. McCully worked. Even the laziest Islander, it seems, can be won over and influenced by the proper outgoing approach. For the rest, the author writes breezily, though with a vintage humor that persists in calling an outhouse a Chic Sale. The many who dream of finding an ideal retirement spot will certainly enjoy reading how the author found hers and raised a roof over it, and maybe learn just how practical the dream is. To us it seems the first requisite is to be an extrovert. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

The very beginnings of law

THE LAW OF PRIMITIVE MAN

BY E. ADAMSON HOEBEL

From the anarchic Eskimo to the highly centralized monarchy of the West African Ashanti — here are deeply interesting studies of the law as practiced by primitive societies. Mr. Hoebel studies actual cases of theft, adultery, and murder, showing how different primitive peoples tried and punished these crimes. As these societies are any society in simplified terms, this book sheds much new light on the general nature, functions, and evolution of the law under which we live—and on human nature. $5.50

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Books for Young People

—Chris Jenkyns.

MANY of the books reviewed in the adult sections of *SR* are equally appropriate for young readers. We will be pointing out a number of these in the coming months. One recent book of the sort is James Fenimore Cooper's "The Leatherstocking Saga" (*SR* Nov. 20, 1954) edited by Allan Nevins and illustrated by Reginald Marsh (Pantheon Books, $8.50). Rewritten classics have little place in the permanent literature for children, but so skilfully has the editing been done in this instance that the new book has an integrity and an entity of its own. Those parts of the five Cooper stories that concern Natty Bumppo have been rearranged into one volume so that this continuing narrative of frontier life creates a heightened sense of the period and the place for young people.

Reviewers for this issue are: Alice Brooks McGuire, Librarian, Casis Elementary School, Austin, Texas; Nance O'Neall, Librarian, Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles, California; Ruth Hill Viguers, Lecturer, School of Library Science, Simmons College, Boston; Elizabeth Williams, Supervisor, Library and Textbook Section, Board of Education, Los Angeles, California.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Supervisor, Children's Services
The New York Public Library

ANDY SAYS BONJOUR! *By Pat Diska. Drawings by Chris Jenkyns. Vanguard Press.* $2.50. Andy, an American boy living in Paris, found it hard to talk with the French children in his courtyard. He wanted to play with them and to see the city, but they could not understand each other. Minou, a cosmopolitan cat that knew English, escorted him around the neighborhood and showed him the men fishing in the Seine, the markets, the sidewalk cafés and, on the tour, taught him some French. The little French children learned some English and so they could play and talk together. Full-page wash drawings, direct and childlike in their interpretation of the city, and simple text make this a picture book to delight the young. —F. L. S.

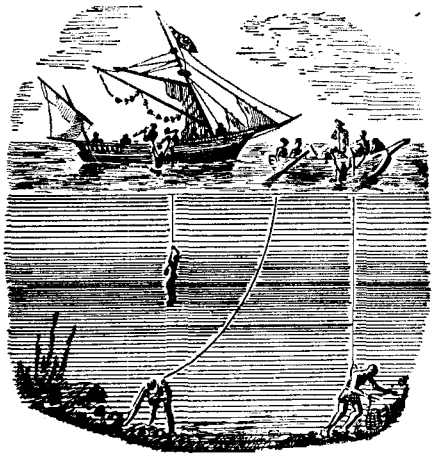
HAT FOR A HERO: A Tarascan Boy of Mexico. *Story and pictures by Laura Bannon. Albert Whitman & Co.* $2.75. Pablo, a little Tarascan Indian boy, was full of dreams of greatness which made him forget his everyday responsibilities, but when real courage was needed Pablo was wide awake and ready. Though the theme of this picture-story book is well worn, the presentation here is fresh and gay. The Mexican setting is lovely: a little fishing village clinging to the steep sides of an island in Lake Patzcuaro. Laura Bannon has told her story with warmth and humor both in her succinct text and in the pictures on every page in full color or black-and-white, and there are those tantalizing glimpses of the Orient in some of the pictures such as one can sometimes catch fleetingly in Mexico. It is a book older boys and girls and adults can enjoy with the little children.

—RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

TOUGH ENOUGH. *By Ruth and Latrobe Carroll. Oxford University Press.* $2.75. More about Beanie, the youngest Tatum, and his dog, Tough Enough. Again the Carrolls have made a book full of the flavor of the Great Smoky Mountains and warm with animal and family life. Tough Enough as he grew larger and stronger got into more and more trouble until almost nobody loved him. How he got back into the good graces of his folks and was cleared of chicken killing make a nice ending to this story told in pictures as well as text. —F. L. S.

MORE ALL-OF-A-KIND FAMILY. *By Sydney Taylor. Illustrated by Mary Stevens. Follett Publishing Co.* $2.95. This story is a continuation of the adventures of the engaging people of "All-of-a-Kind Family." Ella, the oldest of the five girls, is now in her early teens and uses the "grown-up" part of the library; beaux loom important, and the little brother, born at the end of the earlier book, is old enough now to introduce new spice and excitement into the family routine. New York's lower East Side is still home but friends are beginning to move "up town" and even Papa realizes that, for the sake of his family, sooner or later he must adjust to a new pattern of life. There is complete realization of each character, the Jewish festivals and special family traditions knitting close the fabric of family life. It is a happy story that will be a pleasure to share with little girls and a fine sequel to "All-of-a-Kind Family."

The illustrations are in complete harmony, pointing up the fun of the story and picturing the dress and activities of forty years ago with nostalgic charm. —R. H. V.



—*By the author, for "Man Under Water."*

". . . to inform as well as entertain."

ALL ABOARD FOR FREEDOM! *By Marie McSwigan. Illustrated by E. Harper Johnson. E. P. Dutton.* $3. For several years Millie Novak had been caring for five orphans whose parents had been workers in the Czechoslovak underground. Living on a quiet little street among shanties and railroad buildings they had been overlooked by the Party and Millie had been able to bring the children up in the traditions of the Czech Republic. Now, however, the Party had become aware of them, they would soon be sent to public schools, and their "wrong thinking" would be corrected. Trouble was closing in on others of their neighborhood: Joseph Retka, who had been an important railroad dispatcher, and Anton Pavlik, engineer of the Asche Express. It was to thirteen-year-old Franta, the oldest of the children, that the idea of escape seemed not a hopeless dream but an imperative action. It was he who realized that the only method of escape that had not been tried was by railroad, and who brought together the few people who could carry out the plan and were willing to risk everything for freedom.

This is a thrilling story, carefully authenticated, based on the facts of the escape of the group of Czechoslovaks into the United States Zone of Germany in September 1951.

—R. H. V.

MAN UNDER WATER. *Written and illustrated by Henry Billings. Viking Press.* $3. Underwater progress from

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ıe time of Alexander the Great to ıe frogman of today and the atomic ubmarine is traced here with great larity and in interesting detail. unior and senior high-school boys specially will be absorbed by the ıles of salvage, the accounts of pearl iving, and the development of the ubmarine. They will delight in Mr. Sillings's excellent drawings, which ange from early fantastic but work-ble submarines to the principles of epth and pressure as applied to div-ıg. "Man Under Water" is a superior ook designed to inform as well as ntertain. —NANCE O'NEALL.

HE STORY OF RELIGION. *Written and llustrated by Mable Mandeville Pyne. loughton Mifflin.* $3. In this book f comparative religion for younger hildren Miss Pyne surveys super-titions, myths, beliefs, and the great eligions of mankind with sympathetic omprehension and clarity of style. The early concepts of gods and devils, ıeaven and hell, pagan rites and ırimitive American Indian practices re recounted. The founders, tenets, ınd scriptures of the three great re-ligions of today with their divisions ıre described and the countries to vhich they have spread are indicated.

Every page has many small illus-rations, most of them colored, mak-ng even clearer the explanations of he text. Though brief in treatment, he book conveys a sense of complete-ıess and of the oneness of religious aith. —F. L. S.

AJAX, GOLDEN DOG OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH. *By Mary Elwyn Patchett. Illustrated by Eric Tansley. Bobbs-Merrill.* $2. Ajax is a fierce warrior dog, part dingo, who is found by his mistress as a half dead puppy in a hollow log. From the beginning all of his love and loyalty are spent in protecting and saving his small mistress from the perils of her frequent rash adventures in the Australian bush.

This tale, based on the chlidhood experiences of the author, involves many other animals in and about her father's ranch amid the back country of Australia,—dogs, horses, cattle, a huge carpet snake, a kangaroo, and a little monkey. It is a sturdy animal tale, rather than a mild pet story, which will be read with a great deal of enjoyment by boys despite the fact that the central figure is a girl. A very exciting picture of wild, untamed life in the Australian bush.

—ALICE BROOKS MCGUIRE.

PITCH IN HIS HAIR. *By Faye L. Mitchell. Illustrated by Pers Crowell. Doubleday.* $2.75. Boys and girls who enjoy good adventure will delight in this realistic story of pioneer days in Washington Territory. Abigail Conner is a happy likable youngster who is the pride of her father as she helps him with the daily chores. She is the devoted companion of her mother as she assists with the household tasks and cares for her baby sister, Clara, for Mrs. Conner had never accepted the loneliness of life in their pioneer wilderness home far from her native Vermont. Abby's cherished desire to go away to school to study to become a teacher seems close to realization when Aunt Ellen and Uncle John Watson with their fifteen-year-old son, Jack, come on a visit from their home in Kansas. Abby hopes they will stay. Jack and Uncle John can help with the chores and Aunt Ellen will be company for her lonely mother.

There is a saying that "if people stay out West long enough so that the trees drop pitch on their hair then they want to live here always." Abby knew where there was a tree with lots of pitch that dripped on warm days, but she had not reckoned on her cousin Jack's dislike of the West and his longing for the Kansas plains. Much of the story is concerned with her efforts to win over Jack and to make him appreciate the exciting times to be found in the West. Riding over the country with Abby, hunting with half-breed Henry, working in the lumber mills soon convince Jack that there are opportunities for him in the West, and the book ends with a hint of future romance.

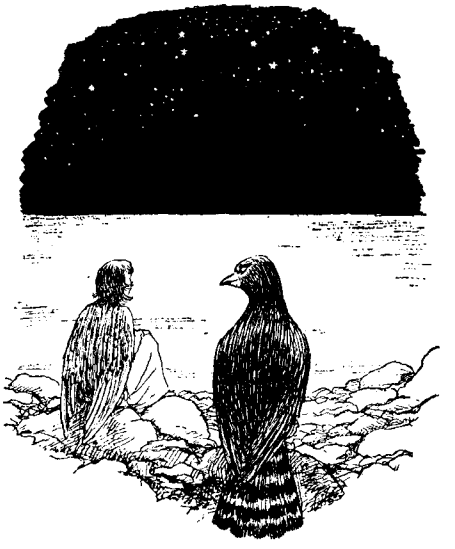
Both the author and illustrator are Washingtonians and their love of their native land rings through this sincere and authentic account of pioneer days. This is Faye Mitchell's first book and we are sure that young people will look forward to others to follow. Librarians will welcome an additional title in this field.

—ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

Hardy Perennial

ONE of the surprise successes on E. P. Dutton's juvenile fall list vas a new edition of **"The Cuckoo Clock,"** by Mary Louisa Molesworth ($2.50). A classic since the Eighties, Macmillan first published it in Eng-and in 1877. American editions were released by them in 1925 and 1931, with reprints every other year since. They are still stocking it, but now the copyright is exhausted, and Mrs. Molesworth's work is in public do-main. In the story a little girl named Griselda goes to live with two elderly aunts in a lonely old mansion that is under the spell of a cuckoo. A querulous bird, he takes her on night flights in a cloak of feathers to the Country of the Nodding Mandarins, Butterfly Land, and the Other Side of the Moon. Few writers can make fantasy believable; hence these days it isn't too popular with publishers. And, even though youngsters still love to read fairy tales, "they don't," observed a New York librarian, "buy their own books." However, in Mrs. Molesworth's childhood it took boys and girls a long time to accumulate enough pence to purchase a juvenile, and many of those available then were none too engrossing. There is an anecdote that when Mrs. Molesworth was about six she was found one day in tears over Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." She just couldn't understand the story, she said; it got so muddled after the beginning. Shortly thereafter she began her fledgling attempts to scribble her own stories, but it wasn't until 1869, when she was thirty, that her first novels were published. Signed Ennis Graham, they bore titles like "Lover and Husband," "She Was Young and He Was Old," and "Not Without Thorns." Six years later she found her true metier in juveniles, and they had an immediate popularity. According to one authority, what endeared them to young people was her ability "to see as they saw and to feel as they felt." And if her lavish use of italics seems old-fashioned to us, the rhythm in her writing is timeless. Mrs. Molesworth, who was born of Scottish parents in Rotterdam, died in 1921 at the age of eighty-two. Of her stories the two that have been most enduring are "Carrots" and "The Cuckoo Clock."

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.



—By E. H. Shepard for "The Cuckoo Clock."

". . . the rhythm is timeless."

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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

AMERICA'S MUSIC. By Gilbert Chase. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $8.50. An abundant history of the country's musical idiom as it has developed in the past three hundred or so years, ending up with something of a worshipful bow to Connecticut composer Charles Ives.

AMERICAN IN RUSSIA. By Harrison Salisbury. Harper & Bros. $4. Some supersleuthing on the part of a *New York Times* Moscow correspondent, and of some clues he tracked down regarding Malenkov, Khrushchev, Molotov, etc.

THE AMERICAN LEGION AND AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By Roscoe Baker. Bookman Associates. $4.75. All about the aims and policies of the big veteran's organization.

AND LET THE CREDIT GO. By Lloyd Alexander. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.75. A lovesick bank personnel manager, a deaf soprano in the loan department, and others, all brought together somewhere near the teller's cages in the main lobby.

THE AUTUMN'S BRIGHTNESS. By Daisy Newman. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. Late love, penny chocolate bars, and nursery rhymes, all done up to include a lady named Dilly.

BILLIONS, BLUNDERS AND BALONEY. By Eugene W. Castle. Devin-Adair. $3.50. Some buckshot aimed at what the author believes is the U. S. Government's policy of squandering funds for propaganda programs in other countries.

THE BISHOP FINDS A WAY. By Michael Cunningham. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. A dedicated little tale about a Catholic bishop who whipped his priests into line and lived to repent of the whole affair.

THE BORGIAS. By J. Lucas-Dubreton. Translated by Philip John Slead. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50. Some medieval tapestry about the Borgia family, together with some apologia for them.

THE DAWN OF PERSONALITY. By Emile Cailliet. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3. A Princeton professor answers basic philosophic questions: "What kind of place am I in?" "What do I do in the situation?"

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN PROVERBS. Edited by David Kin. Philosophical Library. $6. A whole happy bucketful of maxims merrily contradicting each other.

THE DOWRY. By Margaret Culkin Banning. Harper & Bros. $3.50. Some womanly touches about divorce and working wives, combined with gubernatorial aspirations. A new title for a magazine serial which was called "The Heart of a Husband."

EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT THEM. By William B. Terhune, M.D. William Morrow & Co. $3. First-aid for the mind in case you're having difficulties getting along with people or have ever been embroiled in bad publicity or in countless other troubles with which Dr. Terhune feels he can help.

FELLOW PASSENGER. By Geoffrey Household. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. A pot of pleasant stew in which Claudio Howard-Wolferstan, who is looking for jewels, gets caught with his pants down, jailed, smuggled aboard a ship going in the right direction and ends up with the jewels and the girl.

THE FIFTH AMENDMENT TODAY. By Erwin N. Griswold. Harvard University Press. Clothbound, $2. Paperbound, 50¢. A dedicated defense of the use to which the Fifth Amendment has been put in recent years, by the dean of Harvard Law School, who has a thing or two to say about the relationship of individual liberty and the country's safety.

FIND A NEW HEAVEN. By J. D. Broughton. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. Olivia, the Countess Beauregard, not finding what she wanted in Lord Beauregard, naturally turned from him to others, which, they say, was a dangerous thing to do in Victorian times. A novel.

FLAMINGO FEATHER. By Laurens van der Post. Morrow & Co. $3.50. Africa, black struggles, some tribal dreams and some Communists, all tidied up as a man hunt.

THE HILL. By Victor Chapin. Rinehart & Co. $3. Another unsparing documentation of life in a mental hospital, told this time by an attendant for whom the whole thing finally became too much.

A HISTORY OF COURTING. By E. S. Turner. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. Wooing in the Renaissance, a sample "Letter from a Young Lady After Having the Small Pox to Her Lover," some discussion of bundling, Ovid's loves, the Kinsey Report, and sundry other affairs.

THE HOUND OF EARTH. By Vance Bourjaily. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. A novel which tries to encompass some giant themes involving atomic bombs and scientists, senses of social mission, humanity and inhumanity, all brought together in the person of Allerd Pennington, a disloyal atomic physicist.

HOW WE DRAFTED ADLAI STEVENSON. By Walter Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75. Here is Mr. Johnson's story of the badges, bunting, and other interesting materials that finally produced the nomination of the Democratic Presidential candidate of 1952.

I MARRIED THE KLONDIKE. By Laura Beatrice Berton. Little, Brown & Co. $4.50. Some rose-and-other-colored reminiscences which manage to combine Edwardian formality and fancy-dress balls with temperatures of fifty-below. With a preface by Robert W. Service.

IMMORTALITY. By Ashley Montagu. Grove Press. Clothbound, $2.50. Paperbound, $1. How did the belief in immortality come into being? What needs does it satisfy? Is there such a thing as immortality? Professor Montagu attempts to answer these and other burning questions.

THE INNOCENT SAILOR. By Anne de Tourville. Translated by Mervyn Savill. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. A novel about a colorful wanderer from Brittany who loves and lives in Paris, Panama, Labrador, Australia, and other places. By the author of "Wedding Dance," which won the Prix Femina not so long ago.

JOHN SLOAN: A Painter's Life. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. The flowering of American art by the author of "The Flowering of New England."

JOURNEY TO THE PATHANS. By Peter Mayne. Doubleday & Co. $4. Some conversational observations by a man who went to Pakistan to ask how they are doing there now that the British have withdrawn.

KURUN AROUND THE WORLD. By Jacques-Yves le Toumelin. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. The world-girdling experiences of a Frenchman who built his own boat and liked it.

THE LETTERS OF W. B. YEATS. Edited by Allen Wade. The Macmillan Co. $9.50. A trunkful of Yeatsiana, including romantic letters to Lady Gregory, delicate ones to Olivia Shakespeare, and a great many other interesting and intelligent messages, all put together by a former friend of the poet.

A LOST PARADISE. By Samuel Chotzinoff. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95. An up-from-the-tenements biography of a pianist and music critic who had an alien background and a few parental as well as economic troubles with which to contend on the way up.

LOVE AND HATE IN HUMAN NATURE. By Arnold A. Hutschnecker M.D. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. Social misfits, rivalry of the sexes, and the reasons why men fight, all done up in popular colors by the author of "The Will to Live."

MASQUE OF VIRTUE. By Louis A. Brennan. Random House. $3.75. Noisy desperation on the part of a gambling bank president, his mistress, his daughter, and some others. A novel.

MODERN POLITICAL THOUGHT. By William Ebenstein. Rinehart & Co. $8.50. A substantial symposium of the political thought of some notable political thinkers from Machiavelli to Toynbee. Among the other thinkers: Hobbs, Locke, Hegel. Marx, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bertrand Russell, and Reinhold Niebuhr.

MUSIC IN MY TIME. The Memoirs of Alfredo Casella. Translated and edited by Spencer Norton. University of Oklahoma Press. $4. A contemporary of Ravel. Debussy, Schoenberg, and others tells of his and their musical struggles and of those of others of his contemporaries.

NO FACILITIES FOR WOMEN. By Charlotte Ebener. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75. Miss Ebener, who has some facility at telling the human side of world news, tells it, along with some tales of how she met and/or danced with Syngman Rhee, Heinrich Harrar, and several other widely- and not-so-widely known characters.

ONCE IN ALEPPO. By Donald Barton. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.95. Some turbulence about a fictional ambassador to an Eastern hot-spot who tries his hand as Keeper of the Bears.

THE REDISTRIBUTION OF INCOME IN POSTWAR BRITAIN. By Allan M. Carter. Yale University Press. $5. An analysis of Britain's first year under the new welfare programs, together with some conclusions about the effects of them.

REVOLT OF THE SINNERS. By Ugo Zatterin. Translated by Marianne Ceconi. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. Some footnotes from Italy about young Communists and disillusionment, all told as a novel by an Italian journalist.

THE REVOLUTION IN WORLD TRADE. By Samuel Lubbell. Harper & Bros. $2.50. Mr. Lubbell has taken a hard look at the way things stand now in world trade and insists, among other things, that the lifting of trade barriers is no panacea, that domestic interests must be subordinated to international interests.

SCOTLAND YARD. By Sir Harold Scott. Random House. $5. All about the ins and outs of London's Metropolitan Police force, and of some of their grandest moments (the Alec d'Antiquis case, the Setty case, and others).

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES. By W. H. Auden. Random House. $3. Some poetic offerings by one of the finest poets now working in America.

TWO LEGS TO STAND ON. By John D. McKee. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $2.75. An autobiographical account of the braces, white pills, osteopathy, chiropractice, and electric shock through which the author, born a spastic, managed to fight until he was finally able to swim, drive a car, and lead a pleasanter life.

UNDERSTANDING THE FRENCH. By Elliot Paul. Random House. $2.75. Some sallies into French hearts (and French kitchens) by an old hand at interpreting the French.

VORKUTA. By Joseph Scholmer. Translated by Robert Kee. Henry Holt & Co. $3.75. A German doctor tells of his three-and-a-half-year experiences in a Russian prison (pop. 250,000) and, among other things, of the first mass strike ever to take place in the USSR.

THE WASHINGTON PAPERS. Edited by Saul K. Padover. Harper & Bros. $5. A substantial collection of the writings of G. Washington, offering some evidence that he was a better man than has often been thought and including his ideas on matters political and military, the Union and the Constitution, and other interesting affairs.

WHY NOT SURVIVE? By Michael W. Straus. Simon & Schuster. $4. A scholarly survey of the future of a human race which, the author believes, has made hash of the philosophy of plenty and needs to know a thing or two about conservation.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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Should Congress Investigate?

Continued from page 10

of those who denied Communist Party membership were not brought into the public record as subversives.

The Subcommittee was careful not to pillory anyone for past participation in Communist activity. There was certainly no holding up to scorn any past political indiscretion or youthful radical association, as some people often charge. It directed its attention to present-day reality. The Subcommittee's report on this read:

> The Subcommittee sought to make only present membership in the Communist Party its norm of subversion.
>
> At the outset the Subcommittee announced its broad policy of welcoming the testimony of all responsible ex-Communists. The subcommittee held that . . . the sincerely disassociated and contrite ex-Communist is a more informed person generally on the issue of Communism and generally has acquired antibodies against further infection. They are of inestimable value as a source of evidence, and everything possible should be done to encourage their divorce from the Communist periphery and their escape from lonesome isolation. Accepting such persons wholeheartedly into the community of free men is reconcilable with and even dictated by every precept of the Judaic and the Christian religions. If all the secrets now possessed by ex-Communists were made available to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and this Committee long strides would have been taken to expose fully the Communist conspiracy in the United States [p. 8, Interim Rept. 1].
>
> Consequently it made every effort to induce educators who had left the Communist Party to testify fully at all times. The Subcommittee heard numerous witnesses in executive session who admitted their former Communist membership, and gave evidence, by answering questions, of their willingness to take a position against the Communist organization. Almost in every case such witnesses were excused from open testimony and their anonymity was protected by the Subcommittee. And, in almost every case, they were not pressed into extensive identifications of former associates when a reluctance to do so became apparent.
>
> The Subcommittee brought the testimony of two such witnesses into the public view because elements of their testimony were essential to the record, but at the same time it commended their behavior. In both these instances the Subcommittee communicated with security authorities and employers of the witnesses to impress upon them the Subcommittee's commendation.

TIME and time again, through hundreds of executive or secret sessions and almost a hundred public sessions, I had to question professors and teachers who the evidence indicated had been Communists. We scrupulously followed this procedure, which we imposed upon ourselves. Rarely did any of the Senators lose patience as one witness after another would alternately abuse the Committee or refuse to answer the simple questions directed to him. Witnesses were not asked about their political views but only about the details of their connection with the Communist underground organization. I cannot estimate the number of times I've challenged a skeptic to show us in the record when we ever asked a witness for his political views or his ideas or his religious beliefs. The routine of the Subcommittee was a manifestation of the most elemental principle of academic pursuit, the arrival of truth by question and answer.

I'd like to mention one of the cases the Subcommittee explored to present the pattern of subversion to Congress and to the nation's educators. I prefer not to mention the name of the assistant professor at Harvard who was involved even though this is all a matter of public record.

The Subcommittee received sworn testimony that the professor had been a member of certain particular units of the Communist Party. The witness was subpoenaed in executive or private session and asked about the evidence. Instead of affirming or denying the evidence, the witness elected to claim the privilege that the Fifth Amendment afforded her by refusing to answer questions that might lead to her conviction for a crime. Since being a Communist is one of the elements of a crime under the Smith Act, she was legally justified in so doing provided she did it in good faith. The Subcommittee did not make any effort to insist that any witness put into the record admissions of activity which could lead to a conviction. But it did assume that her truthful answers, if given, would have incriminated her. This was all done in private session. When public hearings were held the Subcommittee called this witness in open session and her responses were the same.

The Harvard Corporation then conducted an inquiry into the case and announced that it found that the assistant professor "is not and never has been a member of the Communist Party." It is to be noted that the Corporation—without presenting the evidence one way or the other—categorically asserted that the woman had never been a Communist. When the Harvard Corporation publicly announced its decision to exculpate this assistant professor the press importuned Senator Jenner for a comment. He replied, "I have no com-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHO WAS HE (SHE)?

Margaret Y. Bishop of Norwalk, Ohio, offers the real (real *fictional*) names of twelve heroes and heroines of various imaginative literary works, all of whom are better known under other designations, usually in familiar title descriptions (as Michael Henchard, "The Mayor of Casterbridge"). She asks you to put these characters in the proper books or poems. Of the twenty-four pieces of information desired, you should have little trouble getting twelve, more trouble getting from thirteen to eighteen, and an awful lot of trouble getting from nineteen up. Answers on page 48.

1. Sir Peter Blakeney.
2. Prince Dakkar.
3. Lord Fermain Clancharlie.
4. John Clayton.
5. Edmond Dantes.
6. Philip Nolan.
7. Ellen Douglas.
8. Simon Templar.
9. Georgie Cottar.
10. Anne Catherick.
11. Gavin Dishart.
12. Cederic Errol.

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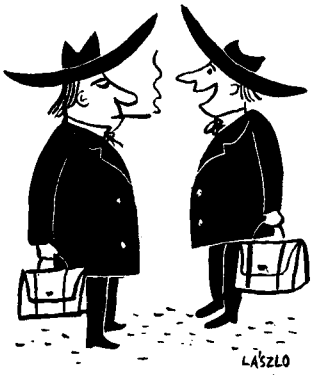
ment except to reemphasize the Committee's oft-repeated position that it does not attempt to tell university or local authorities whom they should have as teachers, what they shall teach, or how the teaching should be conducted. Those matters are entirely the responsibility of the school administration. It is the function of the Subcommittee to present the facts of subversion for the record."

Later in the course of the hearings Herbert Philbrick, the volunteer Government undercover agent, publicly testified before the Subcommittee under oath that this assistant professor was a member of the Communist underground. Later on the Subcommittee received further evidence and information that she had been a member of the Thoreau Branch of the Communist Political Association; that she had been a member of the Back Bay branch of the Communist Party in Boston; and that she had been a member of the Harvard Faculty branch of the Communist Party. We even obtained the dates of her payments of Communist dues. In view of all of this corroborative evidence the Subcommittee elected to recall the witness and ask her about this evidence. To every question asked her about the details of this evidence she replied that she was claiming her privilege against self-incrimination.

The Subcommittee, in view of the categorical conclusion of the Harvard Corporation, decided that it based this conclusion on her statement, presumably unsworn, to the Corporation that she had never been a Communist. It was also apparent that the Corporation simply accepted this unsworn statement. For, when we asked her if she had made such a denial to the Harvard Corporation, rather than answer even this question she invoked her privilege against self-incrimination. After presenting these and other facts for the record the Committee did nothing more on that particular case.

But these are the methods of the Internal Security Subcommittee that I discover are not understood. The fact that they aren't I find very disappointing. I often wonder why it is that this great misunderstanding prevails. It has never been considered appropriate for a Committee of Congress to engage in extensive public-relation efforts. Perhaps that is the reason for the great misunderstanding about the work of the Committees. The Committee's enemies, particularly the Communist underground, have the best public-relations organization in the country. The resulting mismatch in this field, I believe, is responsible for much of the confusion.



Another reason, I believe, is that the quiet search for truth, the effort to learn the underlying facts, without a clash, is not considered to be news by our publicity media. It seems that only a clash between a chairman and a witness is especially newsworthy, and of course the clash obscures the underlying truth.

I REMEMBER particularly one hearing that clearly was an example of this difficulty. The Subcommittee had received sworn testimony from a Communist Party organizer that in 1950 he was in charge of a Communist operation that called for the processing of 500 Communist teachers into an underground apparatus. He told us who were the leaders of this group and mentioned the particular woman Communist who was the virtual commissar of the operation. The Committee then called this witness to ask her about the truth of the testimony. She proved to be a New York City schoolteacher. She, coincidentally, resigned the day the subpoena was issued summoning her to testify. When asked about the truth of this sworn testimony, that she was high in the councils of a conspiracy in New York City that involved 500 Communist professors and teachers, she invoked her privilege against incrimination.

But she did more than that. She poured out a torrent of invective against the Senators and, like any commissar, reviled the Committee and impugned its motives. This abuse and this invective, we discovered the next day, were the news. A woman denouncing United States Senators was the item that was reported. The fac that the Subcommittee had carefull presented evidence that at leas 500 New York professors and teach ers were processed into a Sovie underground right in our vulnerabl midst was hidden at the bottom o the news reports. The public, particu larly those people who read the new reports only cursorily, had flashed be fore them and absorbed such epithet as "witch-hunters," "stool-pigeon, "informers," "assault on academi freedom," and "conformity of thought —all Communist cliches. I am sur that most of the people who read th news articles in most newspapers o that particular occasio pitied the talkativ teacher who in realit is one of the leaders o a Communist networ undermining our fre institutions. Most o them probably con demned the Senator who were trying t bring out the facts.

There was anothe episode that could no be reported by the Sub committee but whic revealed how it func tioned. The Subcommittee receive through sworn testimony considera ble evidence of a Communist cel that operated in an Eastern col lege. We subpoenaed—all in privat session—several of those who wer reported to have been in the cell. On particular witness impressed us as sin cere. He said he had not been a Com munist for three or four years. W asked if he had been a Communis four years ago and he refused t answer, invoking his Constitutiona privilege under the Fifth Amend ment. He persisted in this tactic. W pointed out that such a stand on th public record would give many peopl a bad impression — that if he ha left the Communists why didn't he a a matter of fact say so and the whol thing would be forgotten as far a we were concerned? We would pro tect his anonymity and no one woul know what had transpired. We pointe out that the Communists dissolve their formal organization in 1949 an 1950 and went underground. We fur ther stated that many members of thi underground were then denying pres ent Communist membership but were invoking their privilege under the Fifth Amendment about past member ship. They were doing this under dis cipline because if they admitted mem bership they could legally be require to answer questions about the circum stances, including the names of thei associates. The Communist leader knew that this would lead to exposure

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (Baroness Orczy). 2. Captain Nemo, in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (Jules Verne). 3. Gwynplaine, in "The Man Who Laughs" (Victor Hugo). 4. "Tarzan" (Edgar Rice Burroughs). 5. "The Count of Monte Cristo" (Alexandre Dumas). 6. "The Man Without a Country" (Edward Everett Hale). 7. "The Lady of the Lake" (Sir Walter Scott. 8. "The Saint" (Leslie Charteris). 9. "The Brushwood Boy" (Rudyard Kipling). 10. "The Woman in White" (Wilkie Collins). 11. "The Little Minister" (Sir James M. Barrie). 12. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (Frances Hodgson Burnett).

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f their organization—hence the need or disciplined refusal to answer.

For this reason we asked the witness to take a position that would distinguish him from the present Communists—if that were possible. Why not, we asked him, say he had been a Communist, if that were the case, tell the Subcommittee some few facts about the organization, enough to show he was now against it, and the Subcommittee would be satisfied. His concern was very understandable. He did not want to testify against former associates—even though these former associates were trying to destroy the whole fabric of our social and political life. This attitude may not be understandable to the average American, but it is something we encountered every day. Finally we adjourned the hearing for three months to give him an opportunity to show his good faith by conversing with the FBI. If he did this we would be satisfied he was telling the truth.

Such a session as this often went on for hours. Senator Herman Welker, whose father had been a warden, and who was highly experienced in problems about correction and reform (although this problem involves more than that), was particularly patient and often would spend long hours with a confused witness who invoked the Fifth Amendment instead of answering questions. The issue always became a plea for the witness to say something that would expose the Communist organization. That was considered the test of his sincerity. Otherwise he would be indistinguishable from the Communist who had technically left the Party in 1949 or 1950 only to go into the underground apparatus. We noticed after a while that witnesses felt that talking to the FBI seemed a less uncomfortable prospect than testifying before the Subcommittee. Even though we assured them that they would not be compelled to testify publicly they retained some doubts. Usually we asked them to go to the FBI and there give some sign that they were no longer Communists. So we adopted the practice of postponing the hearings for three to six months, asking that the witness in the meantime go to the FBI and give some concrete evidence against the Communists. We did this quite often.

BUT to get back to the individual case I was discussing. After several months had passed since the hearing involving this witness I received a letter from him. I was very pleased to read that he had gone to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and he was thanking us for the patience we showed him. I had no doubt whatever, when I called the FBI just to confirm for the Subcommittee that he had gone there, that what he said was true. Naturally, we didn't and could not ask what he had told the FBI. But we did learn from another source that this particular professor, who is still teaching, was very happy about the outcome. As far as we are concerned, no one to this day knows who he is.

I would like to make the point, to people who may think that this method of approaching the problem is too *soft*, that this strenuous effort to separate the defectors from the Communists, to give them confidence in themselves by drawing a line of demarcation for them, and then secretly welcoming them back into the community of free men, is very necessary. In the first place it is one of the dictates of the Christian and the Judaic religions. The lost soul must be welcomed back and forgiven. But in addition the other side—the Communists—are steadily winning the battle, and we must enlist ex-Communists for the forthcoming struggle. For the ex-Communist knows the nature of the enemy and has developed antibodies against his own re-infection. We need him badly.

Recently Bella V. Dodd, who until 1949 was an important Communist, joined the side of free men and renounced her past associations. She had been a member of the conspiracy and had sat behind the closed doors that bar all but the elect. Because she did sit behind those doors she could know who sat there with her. She testified in August of this year that the Communists she knew and worked with are getting stronger every day, and are ascending the ladder of influence in our life today. This is what I mean when I say that we are losing the battle. And it is apparent that on the international political level the Soviets are gaining almost without interruption.

In view of this decline in the power of free men who are the guardians of a very precious civilization that has brought in its train more liberty, more freedom, and more spiritual and material blessings than any other civilization, it is, at first, ironical that the one institution that can arrest this trend—the Congressional Committee—is under vigorous attack. But when one realizes that the other side is winning it should not be ironical that the Congressional Committee—the only weapon our Constitution has devised to bring forth the underlying truth—is being ground down by sinister and powerful forces in our political and in our cultural life.

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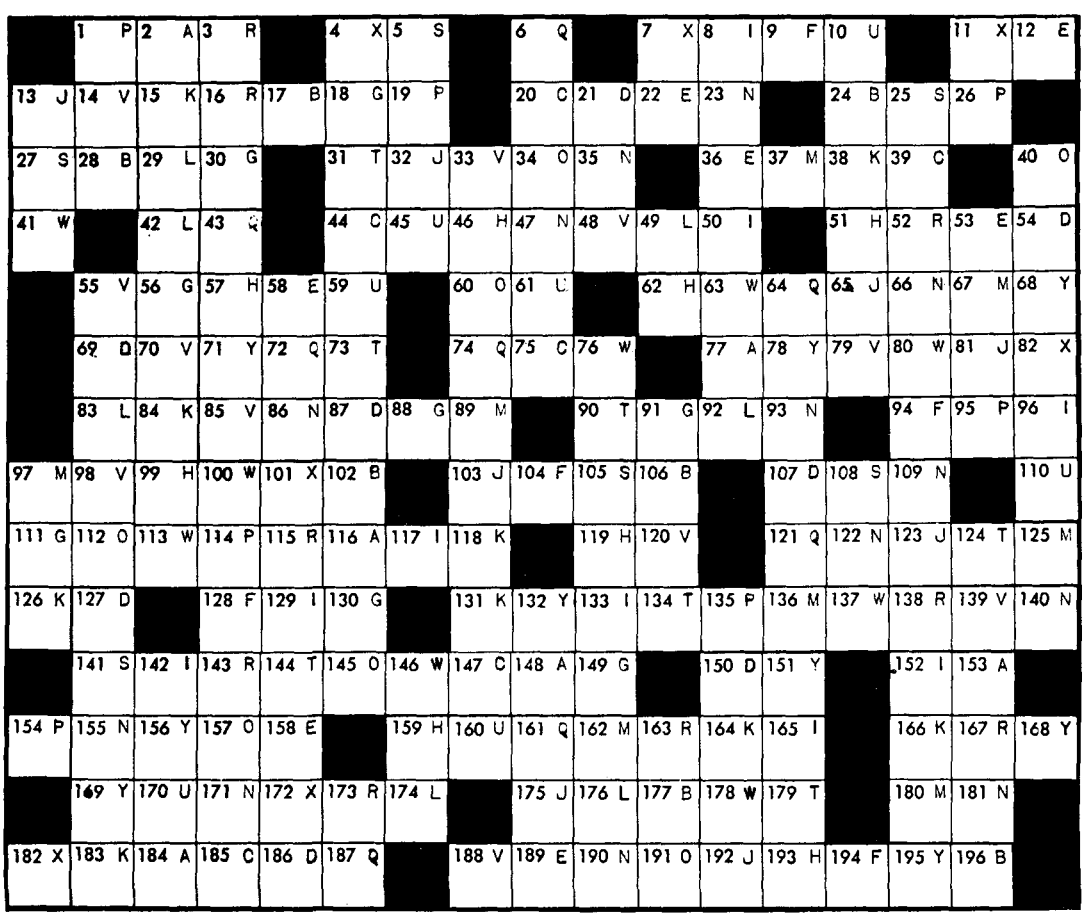
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
Lowest of the anthropoid apes.	148 116 77 184 2 153
Act of developing a new coat of hair, set of feathers, etc.	102 106 17 24 177 28 196
Out of date; hackneyed (2 wds.).	44 185 147 39 75 20
Author of "Maud Muller," 1856.	69 21 186 107 54 150 127 87
Feature of service entrance of many big-city dwellings.	53 58 12 189 36 22 158
In millinery, untrimmed hat body.	9 104 128 94 194
Kept for future action (2 wds.).	56 149 30 130 91 88 18 111
Pope during sack of Rome by Alaric, 410.	46 62 99 119 159 57 193 51
A thing existing only in the imagination.	50 117 129 8 142 96 152 133 165
Goldsmith who constructed the bronze doors of San Giovanni, Florence (1378-1455).	32 65 192 175 81 13 103 123
Evincing ostentatious ferocity.	38 164 15 126 183 131 84 118 166
Expended.	49 92 174 29 176 42 83
Like a Roman emperor, famous for profligacy and cruelty.	67 89 97 180 125 37 136 162

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Popular name given to any of the men who battened on arranging government contracts (sensational news, 1951; comp.).	181 66 155 35 190 86 93 122 140 47 23 109 171
O. Petition with great fervor and humility.	60 40 191 145 112 157 34
P. One of the fixed French forms of lyric poetry, of 13 lines, two rhymes.	135 114 1 19 154 95 26
Q. Crisply concise.	121 161 72 187 6 43 74 64
R. Argue till a settlement is reached (2 wds.).	163 167 3 16 173 52 143 138 115
S. Tribe of the Iroquois Confederacy.	5 25 108 105 27 141
T. Use for a weak solution of boric acid.	124 90 134 144 31 179 73
U. To hold as opinion.	10 170 45 110 160 61 59
V. Brief respite (2 wds.).	14 70 98 139 79 85 188 33 48 120 55
W. Said of events occurring together (3 wds.).	100 137 63 76 41 80 178 113 146
X. Small anchor with four or five claws.	101 82 4 182 11 7 172
Y. Faulty interpretation of a text by reading into it one's own ideas.	78 132 169 156 68 168 195 71 151



DIRECTIONS

solve this puzzle you st guess twenty-odd ORDS, the definitions which are given in the umn headed DEFINI-ONS. Alongside each finition, there is a row dashes—one for each ter in the required rd. When you have essed a word, write it the dashes, and also ite each letter in the rrespondingly numbered uare of the puzzle agram. . . . When the uares are all filled in, u will find that you ve completed a quota-on from some published ork. If read up and wn, the letters in the agram have no meang. . . . Black squares dicate ends of words; there is no black square the right side of the agram, the word carries er to the next line. . . hen all the WORDS e filled in, their initial tters spell the name of e author and the title the piece from which e quotation has been ken. Of great help to e solver are this acrostic ature and the relative apes of words in the iagram as they develop. uthority for spellings nd definitions is Weber's New International Dictionary, Second Edion.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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A Self-Check:

HOW MANY OF THESE NEW BOOKS HAVE YOU BEEN "MEANING TO READ" AND HAVE FAILED TO?

- ☐ THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT *by Jim Bishop*
- ☐ MY BROTHER'S KEEPER *by Marcia Davenport*
- ☐ THE CORNERSTONE *by Zoé Oldenbourg*
- ☐ SONG OF THE SKY *by Guy Murchie*
- ☐ SWEET THURSDAY *by John Steinbeck*
- ☐ THE FALL OF A TITAN *by Igor Gouzenko*
- ☐ MARY ANNE *by Daphne du Maurier*
- ☐ GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE *by Frances Gray Patton*
- ☐ A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX *by Bruce Catton*
- ☐ THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL *by Hermann Hagedorn*
- ☐ NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS *by Mac Hyman*
- ☐ A FABLE *by William Faulkner*
- ☐ THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA *by Ernest Hemingway*
- ☐ A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE *by Erich Maria Remarque*
- ☐ AN ALMANAC OF LIBERTY *by William O. Douglas*
- ☐ THE RAMAYANA *As told by Aubrey Menen*
- ☐ THE YEAR THE YANKEES LOST THE PENNANT *by Douglass Wallop*
- ☐ THE REASON WHY *by Cecil Woodham-Smith*
- ☐ THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS *by Charles A. Lindbergh*
- ☐ SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET *by Heinrich Harrer*
- ☐ SAYONARA *by James A. Michener*
- ☐ THE AGE OF THE MOGULS *by Stewart H. Holbrook*
- ☐ THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY *by Ernest K. Gann*
- ☐ THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST *by Sir John Hunt*
- ☐ THE MIND ALIVE *by Harry & Bonaro Overstreet*

HOW OFTEN DO YOU HEAR YOURSELF SAYING:

"No, I haven't read it, I've been meaning to!"

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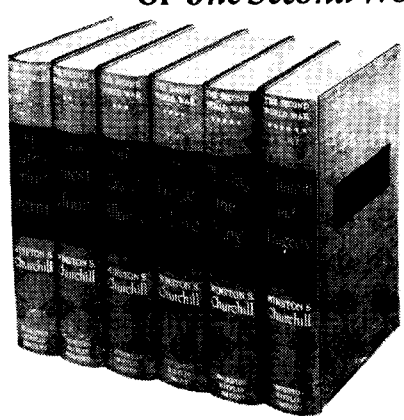

Winston Churchill

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